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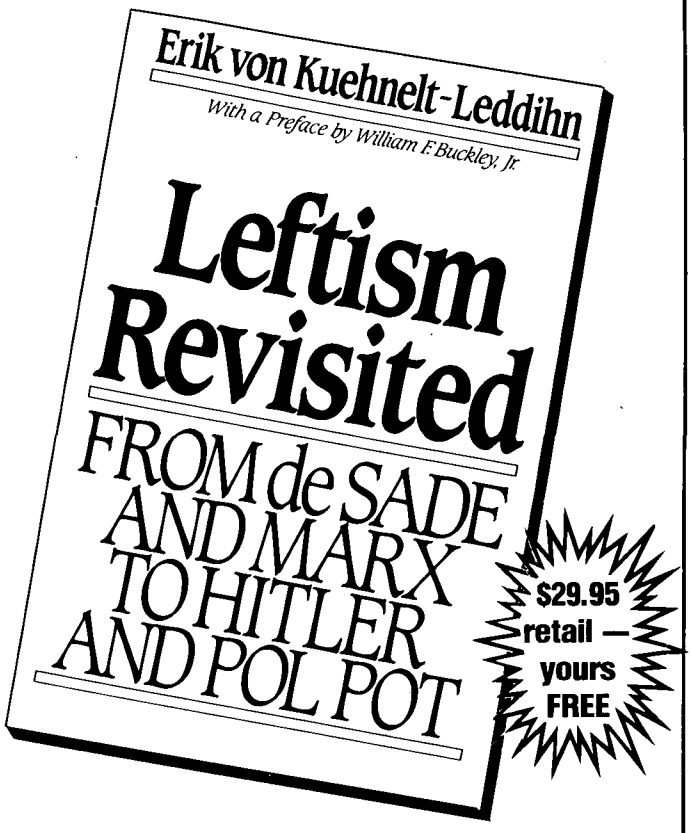
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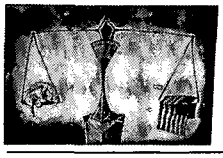
"He that respects himself is safe from others; He wears a coat of mail that none can pierce."
—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

PERSPECTIVE



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On 'Immigration'

In "The Impact of Immigration on Hispanic-Americans" (July 1991), Richard Estrada seems to think he holds the trump card in the debate over open borders with his revelation that Hispanic-Americans themselves favor immigration controls. He quotes Mexican-American Herminio Muñoz: "We think there is going to be a lot more work for us this year because of the law. In the past many of the farmers paid less because they could get all the workers they wanted. We have to believe the law is good."

But what's the discovery here? It's obvious that these workers would see benefit in laws that prevent other workers from competing with them. I could benefit a lot if all American journalists with three-syllable surnames were deported by state decree. Since I don't fall into that category, I would enjoy the higher wages created by the increased demand for my journalism skills. But would such a decree be justified?

Estrada asserts that immigrants wind up poverty-stricken "garage people," but he doesn't consider that living in a garage in America might be a better life than the immigrant's previous condition. (Besides, many immigrants do better than "garage people.")

We shouldn't deprive foreigners of the opportunity to improve their lives for the benefit of those who would gain from a restricted job market. Especially if, as Julian Simon explains, increased immigration actually helps the nation as a whole.

—Elliot Fus
Chapel Hill, NC

Mr. Estrada Replies:

Instead of using irony in calling for the deportation of three-syllable-surnamed journalists, why does Mr. Fus not forthrightly advance his open-immigration beliefs by lobbying for the annual importation of, say, three hundred thousand journalists (with any number of syllables in their surnames)? Perhaps then he could persuade the remaining two of the top three professions that are most supportive of massive immigration to lobby for the entry of three hundred thousand economists and three hundred thousand lawyers. Then, members of all three professions would be in a perfect position to accost Mexican-American migrant worker Herminio Muñoz in the fields and chastise him for lamenting the flooded labor market in which he toils.

Julian Simon is a professor of business administration. Immigration experts who happen to be labor economists and demographers find his work on immigration shoddy. Or intellectually dishonest. (They do not hold this opinion about all immigration writers who are for massive immigration.) The argument that no matter how degraded the immigrants' condition here may be, they are still happier and better off here than where they came from—and that, anyway, their presence is good for the economy as a whole—is precisely the same argument that was used to justify slavery in the plantation South. But history and its lessons, like labor market economics and demography, elude Mr. Simon.

If Americans today are to nurture the traditional democratic values and institutions we inherited, we must fight the ongoing slide into a society of haves and have-nots that massive immigration fosters. In seeking a balanced approach to one of the thorniest issues of our day, I argued for a prudent reduction in the levels of immigration, a curtailment that would (at the ceiling I proposed) continue to honor the U.S. role as the world's premier receiver of immigrants and refugees. I am opposed to shutting down the borders, and said so in my article. My position continues to be that Congress should prudently curtail the levels of legal immigration, while the laws against illegal immigration should be rigorously enforced. Finally, of those who would make no distinction between legal and illegal immigration, we should hasten to ask what other laws they would seek to disregard at will.

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SWEDEN experienced an unexpected eruption of right-wing populism this autumn. While news accounts focused on the electoral defeat of the ruling Social Democrats and the victory of a center-right coalition, the bigger story was the success of two new political parties: one telling the Swedes, "be good"; the other, "be happy."

The left suffered across the board. The Social Democrats, who promised to defend welfare state benefits, attracted only 37.9 percent of the vote, down from 43.2 percent in the last election, and their lowest share since 1928. The Communists, meanwhile, fell to 4.7 percent, a decline of 0.9 percent, but still held on to 17 seats in the 350-member Swedish Riksdag (or parliament). In this, they fared better than the Swedish Greens, who fell below the magic 4 percent level, and lost all of their seats in the proportionally determined chamber.

Indeed, in a comparative calculation of decline, the Reds even out-performed the middle-of-the-road parties. The Liberals (a group ranging ideologically, in American terms, from the American Civil Liberties Union to the left-wing of the National Association of Manufacturers) tumbled sharply from 12.9 to 9.2 percent of the vote and held on to only 34 seats, while the Center Party ("anti-nuclear," statist agrarians, more Tom Harkin than Chuck Grassley) dropped to 8 percent and 29 seats.

Scoring big was the most conservative of Sweden's old-line parties, officially called the Moderates (and resembling our Republican Party), which ran on a tax-cutting theme and took 21.7 percent of the vote (up from 18.3 percent last time) and 80 seats. Shaking up everyone, though, were the 14 percent of votes going to two new parties: the Christian Democrats and New Democracy.

Barely respectable a few years ago, the Christian Democrats won 27 seats. Their platform stressed Christian values, the defense of traditional families from the state bureaucracy, and cuts in the welfare state. The party also condemned government incentives that encourage illegitimate births and discourage mothers at home, rearing their own children. In the spiritual birthplace of cradle-to-grave socialism and "children's rights," such sentiments have been scandalous, if not illegal. Now, they drive one of the two parties holding the parliamentary balance of power.

The other party organized only this February. Imagine a party cobbled together by Pat Buchanan, Tom Fleming, and Murray Rothbard, but headed by a Roosevelt, and you've got an American version of Sweden's New Democracy party. Emerging out of the shadows of the Swedish psyche, New Democracy says it's time for Swedes to have fun again. The party stands for the virtual elimination of the angst-ridden welfare state, a similar end to foreign aid (particularly that going to the quasi-Marxist states long favored by Swedish bleeding hearts), deep tax cuts, strong restrictions on new immigration, the quick expulsion of phony "refugees," and—most endearingly—cheap liquor. Headed by Ian Wachtmeister, rebellious scion of an old noble family, this party will hold 24 seats in the new Riksdag, votes needed for any working non-socialist coalition.

Polite Sweden is horror struck. Both the Center and Liberal party leaders said during the campaign that they would "never" join a coalition with New Democracy. Sweden's Consul-General in Chicago, Lave Jonsson, told me with embarrassed, quivering voice that New Democracy is a "clownish party," one "not to be taken seriously," merely a "populist" blip that will soon disappear.

He may prove correct. Modern history has rarely been kind to protest parties of this sort. Then again, Europe in the 1990's isn't going the way that anyone has predicted. So let's each just pour a tall, cool one, and offer a toast to both New Democracy and the Christian Democrats: Sweden's best hopes for a free and wholesome future. *Skål*!

—*Allan Carlson*

A LEGAL EXECUTION occurred last summer in South Carolina, the first in about two years. Donald ("Pee Wee") Gaskins, a rural Bluebeard credited with 16 murders, was embraced by the electric chair amidst general public relief and the usual candlelight vigils by opponents of capital punishment. The public satisfaction, however, if it rests on a feeling that a rational system of criminal justice has finally been established, is sadly deluded. For the circumstances of Gaskins' capital sentence serve mainly to point up the absurdity of our federal courts.

Gaskins' first 15 murders, which included several children, were committed at a time when the learned and statesmanlike reign of Warren, Burger, Brennan, and Blackmun forbade us the right of carrying out our laws of capital punishment. (All the aforementioned are Republican appointees, by the way.)

Janusz Kapusta

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So Gaskins was resting for life in our state prison when he made the mistake of killing *another murderer*. This individual, Rudolph Tyner, was also the guest of the state, courtesy of the Supreme Court, although he had coldbloodedly gunned down an elderly couple in their country store. A relative of Tyner's victims (subsequently also sent to prison) hired Gaskins to carry out the justice that had been denied, and it was for this last murder that he was executed. In moments of provocation I am tempted to suggest that "Pee Wee," after a life of heinous crime, was executed for the only socially useful act he ever performed. No coherent principle of justice emerges from his fate, except perhaps this: that it is worse to kill one of the prisoners of the welfare-warfare state than to eliminate a dozen of us mere anonymous taxpayers.

Obviously, race should never become a question under the laws, and most especially the laws of capital punishment. But the opponents of the death penalty have made it an issue. A part of their case, and of the interference of federal courts into the processes of state law, has rested upon the claim that the death penalty has been racially discriminatory. I do not think the case was ever really proved, and it always involved a convenient ignoring of the fact that the crime statistics are also racially unbalanced. The purpose of the claim was clearly to garner for the anti-death penalty movement some of the emotional capital that always adheres to discussion of civil rights.

We in the South have many evils to answer for from the days before the civil rights revolution. Yet, contrary to civil rights mythology, our error in those days, broadly speaking, was not so much the oppression of excessive punishments to black criminals compared to white criminals, as it was the tacit failing of relative indifference to black-on-black crime. At any rate, those days are gone. No black person is convicted of any crime in the South, whether the victim is black or white, without a substantial black representation on the jury. Convictions not so obtained would be immediately overturned, nor do I think public opinion or the prevailing political powers would tolerate anything else today.

In our state, historically among the worst offenders in racial inequality, there are at present about forty individuals under capital sentence, awaiting the exhaustion of appeals: all but two or three of these are white. (I write from memory but the figures are broadly valid.) Obviously, the capital sentences are racially out of proportion, whether considering the general population or the population of convicted murderers, for those who are interested in such statistics. But if there is any discrimination going on in the application of the death penalty, it is just as obviously *against* white murderers.

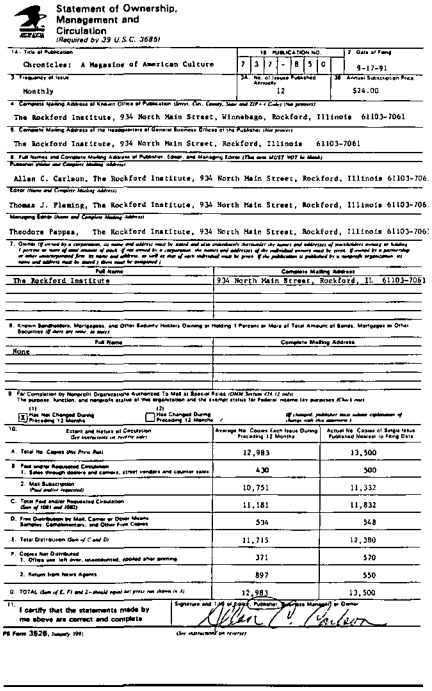
I cite this unseemly matter merely to point out the dishonesty of the anti-death penalty movement in this respect. Having made an impact but not a decisive one, it has turned to other arguments. It has been contended (and I believe it is *sub judice* still) that the discrimination is in the race of the victim rather than the perpetrator, that the killers of whites are more likely to receive the death penalty than the killers of blacks. The kinds of liberals who advance these arguments are hardly noted for their careful veracity. They can be sure the media will never call them to account, and the official "conservative" spokesmen who reply invariably concede all the important points of the contest before they join battle.

So I would like to see the real data on this. But the contention is inherently implausible. "Pee Wee" Gaskins could not be executed for killing 15 people (all white). He was executed for killing one murderer (black). His last victim (black) could not be executed for wanton murder of two persons (both white). In one of the states thought most likely to be discriminatory.

But this does not begin to complete the catalog of the absurdities that have been forced upon the criminal justice system by the federal courts. It is not just that dangerous criminals are released or have their punishments mitigated. Even where there are convictions, the Supreme Court has surrounded the matter with rules that serve not only to make capital punishment difficult (which may be defensible) but to thrust into it a great deal more irrationality and inequity than was ever the case in the bad old days that were supposed to be reformed.

A relative of mine served on the jury at the trial of an individual who, on the day he was released from prison, killed five people, including a 13-year-old girl. (Criminal and victims in this case were all white.) The jury was sequestered for weeks, most of the time out of the courtroom while the judge decided nice points of what evidence they would and would not be allowed to see (as is now standard). A conviction and a death sentence were finally secured by the sensible people on the jury—no small achievement since defending attorneys these days routinely pack juries with the most ignorant available jurors, who are easily confused and intimidated—itself a travesty of the noble Anglo-American institution of the jury.

But under the rules of the Supreme Court, a mere wanton murder of five persons did not justify the death penalty, unless there were other circumstances. The "other circumstances" were that the killer had casually removed a change purse from one of his victims, making his killing one conducted "in the course of a robbery" and therefore subject to death. But it did not matter, since in a short time the sentence was overturned by a federal judge on the grounds of an alleged trivial error on the part of the prosecu-



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tor.

In another case in our state, a young woman (white) was kidnapped and murdered by three men (black) under circumstances so heinous that the death penalty was handed down for the ringleader by a predominantly black jury. Again, within weeks the sentence was overturned by a judge on grounds of a very minor technical violation in the conduct of the trial. Many, many similar instances have occurred.

I wonder if the opponents of the death penalty ever reflect on the damage done to the morale and ethics of the general public by this irrational frustration of the most basic and legitimate thirst for justice? And yet the same smarmy liberals who again and again facilitate the release of those who have broken the first rule of the social contract, lecture us on our moral failings when half of us don't bother to vote and don't show a sufficient amount of indignation about the homeless or South Africa.

And the worst of it is that we have created a field of opportunity for political demagogues. We now have before Congress a "crime bill" that provides the death penalty for a battery of federal crimes. This is nothing but fraudulent posturing. As Ronald Reagan was heard a few times to remark, though he was too smug and lazy to act on his insight: the federal government is not the solution, it is the problem. We have a proliferation of crime not because there are too few federal laws but because the federal courts have destroyed the rational functioning of the state criminal justice systems where the crimes that most affect us need to be punished. A federal crime bill does what does not need to be done and does not do what must be done.

We have even had a call, from so distinguished a statesman as Senator D'Amato, for the federal death penalty for drug dealers. The federal government regularly frees murderers but is to prescribe death for dope peddlers? Under what principles of justice or public policy are those who sell narcotics to willing buyers more worthy of death than the wanton killers of innocent people? Are the lives of drug users more precious than those of murder victims? Such would seem to be the unstated assumption. And why should someone who kills a law officer in the course of drug business be any more or less subject to death than someone who kills an officer in the course of any other type of crime?

Here, as in so much else, our establishment, "liberal" and "conservative," has shown itself utterly unfit to rule. If we are to solve any of our problems, if we are "to secure the blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity," we must have a new agenda and a leadership that at least now and then will speak the truth.

—*Clyde Wilson*

AIDS, like abortion, seems to have divided the religious community along conservative and liberal lines. One might suppose, in a reasonably rational society, that the increasing availability of contraceptives would reduce the incidence of abortion. However, in the United States at least, abortion has risen dramatically with the availability of contraceptives. Similarly, one might have expected the rise of AIDS to have reinforced traditional moralists in the churches, especially with respect to homosexual practices. Instead, many of the so-called mainstream churches use AIDS as an incentive to plead for greater tolerance and understanding, not so much for those who practice homosexuality but for the practice itself and for the world and life view that endorses it.

Volker Eids, a member of the Catholic Theological Faculty at the University of Bamberg, Germany, calls AIDS "a challenge to rethink [traditional sexual morality]." Eids does not want to change fundamental Roman Catholic moral teachings, but he does want to change the attitude towards homosexuals and homosexuality: "It is necessary to come away from received habits of attributing guilt and of prejudices." Eids appears to be the most traditionally minded writer in a collection entitled *Black Angst: Living with AIDS* (Stuttgart, 1989). His Protestant homologue, psychologist and lay theologian S.R. Dunde, who is on the board of several AIDS-related organizations, speaks about "the transformation of hatred for the sickness into hatred for the sick," and says that "freedom of pleasure" (*Lustfreiheit*) is a mechanism to incite hatred (*Hassauslöser*).

Dr. Dunde's invective scores the churches, church members, and Christians generally as though they were using AIDS as a pretext for hating homosexuals and intravenous drug users. Even a superficial reading of the AIDS-related literature in Germany reveals so much invective against churches and religious institutions in general that it might indeed be correct to call AIDS a *Hassauslöser*, but one that incites hatred for the church, not on the part of the church. A typical conservative Christian response to AIDS is that of Pastor Hermann Mittendorfer of Stuttgart, who writes, "The disease AIDS calls for renewed reflection on the relationship between love, trust, long-term partnership, and marriage. . . . Without moralistic finger-pointing, we want people to think about the meaning of faithfulness as a constructive value."

In general, the Protestant churches of Germany have reacted to AIDS by totally forgetting any and all traditional Christian teaching with respect to sexual morality and replacing it with a number of Pollyannaish recommendations on the order of "wash your hands after using the toilet." Thus Pastors Gerhard Gericke and Dr. Hans-George Wiedemann of Düsseldorf prepared these suggestions for confirmation classes (for fifteen- and sixteen-year-olds):

> It is important to talk openly with future sex partners about sexuality—as well as about what one has already experienced in this area. "Going to bed with each other" should be preceded by a longer period of getting acquainted. "Disco-style" behavior is frivolous and usually frustrating. . . . Intensively tender forms of sexuality (cuddling, caressing, non-aggressive kissing, petting to climax) should be discovered (anew). Masturbation is not dangerous even in the company of one's partner. . . . Every one of us is responsible for his own health, if he can do anything for it, and equally for the health of others.

No doubt Pastors Gericke and Wiedemann would be delighted to have Dr. Ruth elected as the first woman bishop in the German Lutheran church, her

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"religious preference" notwithstanding. When a German opinion survey indicated that 29 percent of those surveyed felt that AIDS has at least had the benefit of curtailing excessive sexual freedom, and the minister of health of North Rhine Westphalia called their attitude "cynical and abhorrent," Wiedemann regretted that the church had not made a similar condemnation of such reactionary and unloving attitudes.

With most varieties of conduct that clearly contribute to disease, the churches and the rest of society do not spare their moral strictures. It is certainly fair to say that once cigarette smoking was definitely shown to be a causative factor in lung disease, the churches joined with the rest of society in uttering moralistic advice against smoking. Why is there no such reaction with respect to what is now the most horrible sexually transmitted disease, AIDS?

A theological study from the now-defunct German Democratic Republic puts forward the interesting view that the supposed African origin of AIDS—endorsed by one of the discoverers of the AIDS virus, Dr. Robert Gallo—as well as the evidence that AIDS has been disseminated in the United States by persons of Haitian origin have been, if not trumped up, at least trumpeted abroad in the service of Western colonialism and racism. Ehrhart Neubert concludes his study *Between Fear and Attraction* (Berlin, 1989) with the rather strange accusation that "many churches bear part responsibility, because of their silence, for the fear that has spread across the world more rapidly than the virus itself." He continues with the rather strange, obviously false quotation (without a footnote): "'Because people are affected by AIDS without respect to their race, class, sex, or age, *as well as their sexual preferences and relationships* [emphasis added], this disease challenges us to question our fears and our discriminatory behavior.'" Neubert's attitude is rather typical of the ecclesiastical establishment: although they formally acknowledge that the "high-risk behavior" which the churches have traditionally condemned leads to AIDS, they then immediately deny what they have just admitted and argue that this "knowledge" requires the churches to revise their traditional negative attitudes towards such behavior.

If AIDS were really a "disease like any other," the connection between AIDS and specific forms of activity would lead the churches to join health officials and society in advising against it. Instead, they all join in a chorus to say that that is precisely what one must *not* do. One is reminded of St. John's prophecy in Revelation, after a description of three plagues that kill a third of mankind: "And the rest of mankind, who were not killed by these plagues, did not repent . . . they did not repent of their murders nor of their sorceries nor of their immorality nor of their thefts."

—*Harold O.J. Brown*

CAPTAIN THOMAS Santorno, who aspired to be chief of the San Francisco Fire Department, recently achieved fame, or notoriety, when he claimed that he *legitimately* changed his self-identification from Caucasian (his father) to Hispanic (his mother). But Captain Roybal, also of the San Francisco Fire Department, alleged that Santorno falsified the grounds on which he based a claim to being Hispanic. There is no disagreement at all about two points: one, that the next chief was to be Hispanic; and two, that Roybal, who is the genuine article, scored below Santorno and others (40th, in fact) on the qualifying test. Roybal's shot at the job would have improved if other candidates' Hispanicism could be impugned.

This case shows that the multiculturalism taking root in our universities is bearing fruit. There is genuine acceptance of making ethnicity central to job qualifications. If two qualified persons go toe-to-toe and the employer is large enough to be noticed, the minority candidate gets the job even if the other is better qualified.

This case hits close to home. I am myself on the verge of proclaiming that I am Hispanic. I have every right. I was born in Cuba. Spanish is, literally, my first language. Until age 18 I had dual American and Cuban citizenship. When I went through immigration at the Havana airport (before Fidel Castro), my papers were processed in the first batch while other American citizens waited.

Hispanicism should be recommended to any American who has grounds. My new designation will be a great boon to my employer, and possibly I will be rewarded for my additional contribution. My children may benefit marginally in their chosen professions, but the real boons are reserved for my grandchildren.

If current trends toward political correctness and quotas are any guide, my grandchildren may expect scholarships and significantly lowered admission requirements at top universities. Minority scholarships from federal sources were reinstated when Lamar Alexander was confirmed as Secretary of Education and, in any case, still abound from private sources like Fiesta Bowl sponsors. At the university level, my grandchildren will have multicultural curricula designed specifically for them, to enhance their self-esteem. In the workplace, they will benefit from preferential employment practices including race norming. Hispanicism will follow my grandchildren through life and, as English-speaking minorities, they should prosper.

I am not overly concerned that my grandchildren's Hispanicism would be challenged so long as my status is confirmed. One-quarter Hispanic (a grandchild's share) should be enough. In New Zealand, for example, 1/64 Maori kinship qualifies one for benefits, including concessionary government-subsidized interest rates.

I am in the process of submitting my own ethnic claim to adjudication by higher authority. The authorities from whom I seek a ruling include Fidel Castro's Cuban Immigration and Naturalization Service in Havana, the Cuban government-in-exile in Miami (I would appreciate help with this address), the newly-formed Beleaguered Americans Legally Oppressed Never Ever Yielding (BALONEY, 260 W. Main Street, Suite 104, Hendersonville, TN 37075), and the also new Ethnic Purity Review Board in San Francisco.

Perhaps I am not alone with this dilemma. Can others help?

—*Virginia Abernethy*

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MARIO VARGAS LLOSA, the novelist, and historian John Lukacs are the recipients of the 1991 Ingersoll Prizes. Llosa will receive the T.S. Eliot Award for Creative Writing; and Lukacs, the Richard M. Weaver Award for Scholarly Letters. The awards, each of which carries a cash prize of $20,000, acknowledge writers of abiding importance whose works affirm the fundamental principles of Western civilization.

Vargas Llosa was born in 1936 in Arequipa, Peru. He received a Ph.D. from the University of Madrid (1959) and that same year saw the publication of his first book, *Los jefes* (*The Leaders*), a widely acclaimed collection of short stories. His first novel, *La ciudad y los perros* (*The Time of the Hero*), appeared in 1963 and derived from his personal experiences as a student at a Peruvian military academy. Other works include: *La casa verde* (*The Green House*), 1966; *Conversacion en la catedral* (*Conversation in the Cathedral*), 1969; *La tia Julia y el escribidor* (*Aunt Julia and the Script Writer*), 1977; *La guerra del fin del mundo* (*The War of the End of the World*), 1981; *Elogio de la madrastra* (*In Praise of the Stepmother*), 1988. In addition to writing a variety of nonfiction works and plays, Mr. Llosa ran for the presidency of Peru in 1989. His most recent work, *La verdad de las mentiras* (*A Writer's Reality*, Syracuse University Press, 1991), combines essays on writing and literature with sharp cultural and social criticisms.

John Lukacs, born in 1924 in Hungary, came to America in 1946. He earned a diploma from Cambridge and a degree from Budapest University. He has been a professor of history at Chestnut Hill College in Philadelphia since 1947. Professor Lukacs has held visiting professorships at numerous universities, including the University of Pennsylvania, Columbia University, and Princeton University. He is the author of more than 300 articles and 15 books, including *The Great Powers and Eastern Europe* (1953), *A History of the Cold War* (1961), *The Passing of the Modern Age* (1970), *Philadelphia: Patricians & Philistines, 1900-1950* (1981), and *Budapest 1900: A Historical Portrait of a City and Its Culture* (1989). His most recent book is *The Duel, 10 May-31 July 1940: The Eighty-Day Struggle Between Churchill and Hitler)*, 1991. Writing as much as a man of letters as an analyst of events, as a philosopher of history as much as a historian, he has revived the grand old tradition of historiography.

The Ingersoll Foundation is the philanthropic division of Ingersoll Milling Machine Company of Rockford, Illinois. The Rockford Institute administers the prizes. Past recipients of the Richard M. Weaver Award include Forrest McDonald (1990), Edward O. Wilson (1989), Edward Shils (1988), Josef Pieper (1987), Andrew Lytle (1986), Robert Nisbet (1985), Russell Kirk (1984), and James Burnham (1983). Previous recipients of the T.S. Eliot Award are Charles Causley (1990), George Garrett (1989), Walker Percy (1988), Octavio Paz (1987), V.S. Naipaul (1986), Eugène Ionesco (1985), Anthony Powell (1984), and Jorge Luis Borges (1983).

Principalities & Powers

by Samuel Francis

No slogan is more conducive to an outbreak of pimples on the cheeks of the establishment than the phrase "America First," and if it contained no other merit or meaning, that alone might constitute sufficient reason to emblazon it on your bumper stickers. Yet, in the last decade of the 20th century, as One Worlders, New Worlders, and Pax Americanos proudly plot how the United States and its distinctive peoples and culture shall evaporate, "America First" is more than an irritant. It is the central concept of a new nationalism that prescribes not only a new foreign policy that reflects the interests of the United States but also a vision and an understanding of what America is and what it should be.

For most of the 50 years since the attack on Pearl Harbor, the idea of defining and pursuing an American interest apart from the common interests of U.S. allies in the Cold War was not practicable. Facing a common threat to their interests and existence in the form of Soviet communism, the United States and its partners in Western Europe, Latin America, Asia, Africa, and the Middle East had every reason to subordinate their particular and immediate national interests to the paramount goal of resisting the threat. Granted the reality of the communist menace—through military conquest, nuclear extortion, subversion, and the manipulation of surrogates and satellites—and granted also that a strategy of "liberation" or "rollback" would not be adopted, the general way in which the "West" (a nearly meaningless term that today includes Japan, Taiwan, and South Korea as well as other non-Western states) responded to Soviet communism through a policy of "containment" made sense.

But containment as it developed involved not only surrounding the Soviet Union with a periphery of regional security pacts but also building an embryonic world government in the form of the United Nations, the World Court, the IMF and World Bank, entire volumes of "treaty regimes" and executive agreements (some of which remain secret), and the vast labyrinth of the national security bureaucracy joined to a foreign policy establishment in universities, foundations, corporations, banks, law firms, and Congress. Long before Soviet communism began to turn belly up, this whole complex had become a self-sustaining and self-interested elite, closely linked to and part of the larger managerial class that has come to prevail in American and European governments, economies, and cultures.

If there was some purpose to the existence and functions of this elite during the Cold War, today, with the demise of Soviet communism and the withering of its satellites, there is very little. Nevertheless, like any elite, the one that presided over the Cold War is unwilling to renounce its power and position, and for some years it has been busily inventing new rationales for itself. The creation of "global democracy"

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and the management of the "global economy" and the "global environment" are two of the most common such formulas, though periodically the apologists for globalism also invent new "threats" of one kind or another to which we must dedicate ourselves to resisting and fighting.

Yet all of these new globalist ideologies ring hollow, and none has so far offered any compelling reasons why Americans should continue to spend their time, their money, or their lives solving the problems of other peoples, paying for their errors, or fighting their wars. Moreover, there is good reason why Americans should resist the new formulas and the agendas and interests they rationalize.

The globalist agenda includes not only continued U.S. intervention in and management of foreign events but also the diminution or abolition of the United States itself as a sovereign nation, an autonomous economy, and a distinctive culture. Hence, globalists support and promote the subordination of U.S. national interests and sovereign freedom of action to transnational organizations and their bureaucratic elites that supposedly represent a "global community" or "global economy." They also advance the amalgamation of the nation and its people and civilization into a globally homogeneous "mankind" through toleration of massive immigration, imposition of "multiculturalism" in educational curricula, and the never-ending crusade against "racism," "sexism," "homophobia," "xenophobia," and "chauvinism." The victory of the globalist agenda would mean in effect the extinction of the United States and its people—not physically, but extinction as a coherent collective identity. That extinction would serve the interests of the globalist elite, for particularist national and cultural institutions restrain the transnational power of the elite and offer impediments to the full scope of its ability to manage the planet. Hence, there is a profound conflict of interest between Americans who want to retain their national identity and those elites, American or not, that seek global unification under their own dominance.

It is likely that this conflict of interest will soon emerge in the United States as the principal political and ideological division, replacing or redefining the old division between "right" and "left." Indeed, this conflict is already apparent in the foreign policy of the Bush administration toward emergent nationalisms in Iraq, Yugoslavia, and the Soviet Union. The administration, planning on using existing multinational states as building blocks of the globalist New World Order, is reluctant to recognize the nationalist and ethnic separatist fragmentation of such states. If globalism is to prevail, then its architects cannot allow such centrifugal nationalisms and separatisms to flourish, though even as globalists prophesy the disappearance of nationalism, it explodes under their own noses.

For the most part, the United States has not yet witnessed any such explosion, but sooner or later, as the globalist elites seek to drag the country into conflicts and global commitments, preside over the economic pastoralization of the United States, manage the delegitimization of our own culture and the dispossession of our people, and disregard or diminish our national interests and national sovereignty, a nationalist reaction is almost inevitable and will probably assume populist form when it arrives. The sooner it comes, the better, and if it is to be successful—not merely a militant nostalgia or a hormonal reflex—it will have to define its goals and agendas and the premises on which they are based.

In foreign policy, the idea of putting America first involves a radical dismantling of the Cold War state. It means abrogating most of the mutual defense treaties of the 1950's, withdrawing most of the troops and military bases from Europe and Asia, and terminating almost all foreign aid. It also means that much or most of the national security and foreign policy bureaucracy—in the Pentagon, the State Department, the intelligence community, the U.S. Information Agency, the Agency for International Development, the Peace Corps, etc.—should be abolished or radically reduced in size and functions. Most of these agencies were established for explicitly Cold War purposes, and their continued existence at this point in their present form not only is useless and expensive but also provides a powerful pressure group for continuing globalist adventure and entanglement.

In addition, several conceptual and legal changes are desirable for institutionalizing an America First foreign policy that adequately protects national security and interests in the world but at the same time does not propel us into global management.

(1) Office-holders and candidates for office should be expected to commit themselves to the principle of the national sovereignty and independence of the United States, not only as a legal abstraction but also as a practical guideline for the conduct of foreign and military policy and the approval of treaty commitments. No treaty should be concluded or ratified that compromises or dilutes national sovereignty or requires changes in U.S. law and policy contrary to the Constitution. The Bricker Amendment of the 1950's, which sought to perpetuate these principles in the Constitution itself, should be revived and adopted.

(2) There must be a geopolitical definition of a secure area or perimeter beyond the borders of the United States into which foreign powers would not be allowed to intrude militarily. Pat Buchanan has suggested confining this area to Central America, the Caribbean, and the northern littoral of South America. Not to quibble, but I would expand it to literally hemispheric dimensions, extending from the North Pole to the South and from the Greenwich Meridian to the International Date Line (or geopolitically convenient approximations of these artificial boundaries). Whatever happens within the hemisphere would be deemed relevant to our national security and interests; most of what happens outside it would not be relevant.

(3) The United States should maintain an adequate standing military force to (a) protect its territory and citizens within the hemispheric perimeter and (b) mount rapid and effective punitive and rescue missions outside the perimeter against aggressive powers as needed. The Strategic Defense Initiative should be implemented, and a standing army and navy should be recruited through universal military training for all able male citizens. The mission of this force should be to fight—not to gain an education, learn a trade, see the world, prove that women are the equals of men, or provide a laboratory for social experiments. Personally, I believe the right to vote should be contingent upon fulfilling the military obligations of the citizen, and this is consistent with the

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classical republican ideal of a citizens' militia. Foreign aggressors should know that in order to invade the United States, they will have to cut their way through the streets.

(4) There must be a clear recognition of congressional supremacy in foreign affairs, as opposed to the effective executive supremacy that post-Wilsonian liberals and post-Reaganite conservatives have championed. Foreign policy is not different from any other public policy, and there is no reason for the President (i.e., the executive branch bureaucracy) to exercise dictatorial power over it. While the President is the Commander in Chief, negotiates treaties, receives and appoints ambassadors, and is the main consumer of intelligence, every long-term or far-reaching foreign or military commitment must have the support of the people and the explicit approval of the Congress.

(5) No U.S. troops should be committed to combat in the absence of congressional approval and unless military victory is the publicly stated goal. To fight to "contain" an enemy or to fight without using all available resources to assure victory is not acceptable.

(6) Lobbying on behalf of a foreign government or country should be made a federal crime. Foreign governments maintain their own diplomats here to represent their interests, and they don't need Americans to do it for them. Currently, under the Foreign Agents Registration Act, Americans who represent foreign governments must register with the Justice Department. The registration provision should be repealed, and Americans who prefer the interests of a foreign state to those of their own can either go to the foreign state or go to an American jail.

(7) Perhaps most centrally, the quality of the American population, its education, its economy and technology, and its social disciplines are all, in one sense, "assets" by which the national well-being and security of the country may be measured. They are therefore proper objects of public concern, and while that does not mean that the federal government should manage the population, the economy, education, or social institutions, it does mean that the concept of "America First" implies a nationalist ethic that transcends the preferences and interests of the individual or the interest group and may often require government action. But the ethic of America First would be a thin one if it were something that only politicians and administrators should respect. It ought to inform the total cultural life of the nation and be the foundation of our social and cultural identity no less than of our politics and national policies.

Thus, America First trade and immigration policies should recognize that we, as Americans, owe duties to ourselves and our compatriots before we owe anything to other peoples, and restrictions on immigration, free trade, and technology transfer should be debated and framed in terms of our national identity and interests, and not in terms of natural or human rights or the interests of a fictitious "global community." Immigration from countries and cultures that are incompatible with and indigestible to the Euro-American cultural core of the United States should be generally prohibited, current border controls should be rigorously enforced, illegal aliens already here should be rounded up and deported, and employers who hire them should be prosecuted and punished. As for immigrants from less backward countries, we should balance consideration of whatever gains they might bring to our economy with at least equal consideration of their long-term impact on our cultural identity (including our economic and scientific culture). Similar considerations should apply to trade policy; the basic test of free trade or specific restrictions on it should be their consequences for the American national interest, and not whether they promote global economic integration, help less advanced economies, or facilitate individual economic aspirations.

One of the flaws of some of the isolationist and neonationalist ideas that have been advanced in the last couple of years is that they recognize no defining principle of American nationality other than the pragmatic and circumstantial ones of economic prosperity and military security. Hence, they are usually unable to define any national interest beyond these goals, and this kind of pragmatic nationalism is unlikely to excite or provide a bond for Americans outside elites professionally interested in economic and military issues. In failing to move beyond pragmatic nationalism, contemporary nationalists neglect the concrete and historical cultural identity of the American nation, express a narrowly defined "national interest" that recognizes only the least common denominator of the national identity, and thereby reflect a similar failing that appeared in the nationalism of Alexander Hamilton.

Hamilton, as his biographer John C. Miller noted, "associated the national government with no great moral issue capable of capturing the popular imagination; he seemed to stand only for 'the natural right of the great fishes to eat up the little ones whenever they can catch them.'" Post-Hamiltonian American nationalism offered no public myth of the nation, and the ultimate price of its failure to do so was the collapse (and subsequent redefinition) of the nation in the Civil War. Only when Lincoln invested American nationality with a quasi-religious mythology was nationalism politically and popularly successful.

But Lincoln's nationalist myth, drawn from a universalist natural rights egalitarianism, justified national unity only as an instrument of "equality of opportunity" and the acquisitive individualism that follows from it. Lincoln's nationalism soon degenerated into the wolfish egotism of the Gilded Age and the naked imperialism of McKinley and Roosevelt, and ultimately its universalist, egalitarian, and individualist premises contradicted and helped undermine the particularity that a successful nationalism must assert and the subordination of individual ambition that nationalism demands.

If a new nationalism is to flourish and endure, it must do more than offer a merely narrow, pragmatic, and largely economic definition of the national identity and the national interest. It will have to look to the historic norms of the American people and their culture to discover and articulate what America is and what it should be, and it will have to recognize that the American cultural identity involves a good bit more than merely economic growth and individual gratification. If it fails to do so, then the new nationalism will soon become simply one more code word for the special interests of particular factions and sections, and America will be no more secure, no more prosperous, and no more first than it is today in the custody of its self-serving and self-appointed globalist masters. ◈

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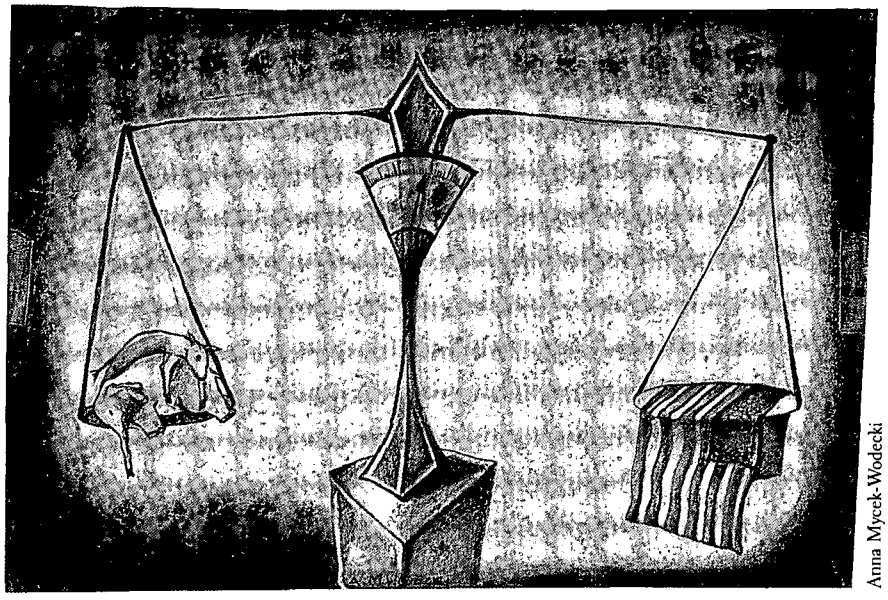

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

America First

1941/1991

by Thomas Fleming

Douglas Wilder made a splash in New Hampshire last August, when he devoted a pre-campaign speech to the theme of putting America first. "We cannot focus all our energies on the international arena at the expense of America's finances and economic health." Denying he is an isolationist, Wilder asked, "If jobs are going to be found, why not for Americans? If schools are going to be built, why not schools for Americans?"

In part, Wilder's patriotic rhetoric derives from the Democratic strategy of conceding Mr. Bush his foreign policy successes and scoring off his poor showing on domestic issues. But there is a growing sentiment that the Republicans want to hold on to the White House not in order to run the country but only to control the State Department. Peace in the Middle East occupied so much of their time that they have none to spare on bringing peace to Brooklyn or Los Angeles. What is left of the U.S.S.R. is important, the Republicans insist, because of its potential for world markets, but in America SAT scores continue to decline. How are these ignorant savages—that is, our children—going to compete against European children who learn math, foreign languages, and the habits of discipline?

William Bennett, upon resigning his position as Secretary of Education, declared victory in the SAT battle. Later on as "Drug Czar," he presumably licked the drug problem in the United States. On the strength of these victories, he now holds multiple positions on foundations as the Republican Party's guru on American culture. His groups hold meetings on the state of American culture and invite all the usual journalists and report-writers from D.C. and New York. All that's missing are novelists, poets, playwrights, painters, musicians, and film directors—anyone, in short, who has anything practical to do with American culture.

There, in a nutshell, is the Republican Party in the 90's: speeches without substance, policies without results, distinctions without differences. They are allowed to go on in this way for two reasons: first, because the Democrats are too cowardly to oppose the President on any fundamental point; they showed a whole warbonnet full of white feathers during the so-called Gulf War. Secondly, the American people of all classes and levels of income are a lot dumber than H.L. Mencken ever dreamed. Give him a bellyful of instant food, a case of beer (or Chardonnay), and a medicine cabinet full of prescription dope, titillate him with a steady stream of soft porn on his VCR, and the American voter will ignore the evidence of his senses and support the Tweedledums or Tweedledees offered by the two wings of the ruling party.

The Democrats, give them their due, have some faint notion of what is wrong. American voters, they must believe, will grow tired of watching the evening news: Serbs killing Croats, Zulus killing Xhosa, amateur night in the Kremlin, and who knows what bogus international crisis will be used to boost the ratings next week. It is a cozy little conspiracy between the networks desperate for viewers and the administration desperate for votes, although my wife insists that the various Eastern European and Third World thugs hold scheduling conferences to determine who gets to take over the headlines this week. Eventually, the Democrats hope, the mob will get tired of their circuses and begin

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to worry more about their bread, their schools, their highways, and their personal safety. Personally, I doubt it. If an American man can no longer earn an income sufficient to support a family, he can always send his wife out to work, and if she loses her job, there is always the government to turn to. Most of the country—workers almost as much as AFDC mothers—is now made up of dependents, negotiating benefits, planning for retirement, demanding their rights. Who ever heard of zombies making a revolution?

"You may say I'm a dreamer," but I would like to imagine there is a sufficient number of Americans who would rather live free or die. If the decent elements could take over either major party or, what is more probable, start their own, what would this new America First Committee be like?

In domestic affairs, the committee could not improve much upon Doug Wilder's statement. When Patrick Buchanan made a similar statement in an America First manifesto in the *Washington Post*, his liberal critics asked why the people of Nebraska or Alabama should have to foot the bills for the South Bronx. Presumably, they would rather spend the money on foreign aid and cannot distinguish between poor Americans and Pakistanis. But there is a better answer to this question than nationalism. If Americans should put American interests above those of Pakistan, New Yorkers should take care of New York. To put it in more familiar terms for Governor Wilder, Virginians—not Americans in general—should look after the interests of Virginia, and the people of Winchester ought to assume responsibility for their city. Governor Wilder, who is not known for his devotion to Catholic theology, may be unfamiliar with the principle of subsidiarity, but that principle—in America we used to call it federalism, the old federalism—is the best guide to follow in making political arrangements. Let every competent level of society—individual, family, neighborhood, town, county, state, and nation—manage its own affairs. America First also means my family first, Charleston first, South Carolina first. (I know, Charleston lost the war, but we are talking revolution.)

On the national level, we would expect the federal government to begin performing the important duties it has arrogated to itself. The Interstate Highway system is in need of repair. The Border Patrol needs beefing up. The national parks are being destroyed by the tourists who are turning them into RV tracts. On the other hand, when the federal government quits wasting our money on welfare, AIDS research, and the defense of Europe against imaginary enemies, and when state and local governments are free to carry out their own projects and policies without the burden of federal mandates and guidelines, the old federalism might begin to work again. A depressed city like Rockford, Illinois, might just be able to spend its own money in taking care of its own people. As it is we pay taxes to support Chicago schools, comfort AIDS patients in San Francisco, and provide arms to Egypt and lavish welfare to Tel Aviv.

Governor Wilder declares he is not an isolationist. If that is true, then his "putting America first" is a hollow gesture. We cannot be free or prosperous at home, so long as our Presidents continue to gratify their vanity with international power games. It is now a year since we started bombing Iraq back into the Stone Age, and what do we think we gained by it? Bush and Baker, it is true, now have a freer hand to carry out their long-held dream of bringing Israel to heel, but those of us who do not harbor ill will against our ally in the Middle East will not regard this as a great benefit. The Shamir government is, admittedly, less than kind in its treatment of the Palestinians, and the foreign policy dictators of the only remaining "superpower" must be constantly irritated by Israel's refusal to take orders from the nation that pays its bills. The proper American response, however, should be to cut off the flow of aid, the billions and billions of dollars wasted in foreign aid everywhere, not to bully one of the few successful countries outside Europe.

If leverage over Israel is the only plus, what are the minuses? No one dares total up the dollar amount of the bills. Some economists are saying that the Gulf War cost each American citizen some three hundred fifty dollars. In my family of six citizens, that adds up to twenty-one hundred dollars, but the figure does not include the cost of financing the debt. I suspect my family's share will cost out to five to ten thousand dollars. For that amount, I could take all six of us for a vacation in some spot a great deal more pleasant than the Middle East.

Humanitarians will have been horrified by the results of the war, not so much by the slaughter of the Kurds as by the evidence of what our "surgical" bombing did to the Iraqi people. The monster Hussein has repressed liberties, invaded a neighbor, and killed civilians. But after killing thousands upon thousands of civilians—men, women, and children—and after destroying Iraq's ability to feed itself or live with even the minimum decency they had achieved before the "war," after all this—and you can look at the pictures, if you like—we have left the monster Hussein in power. It still requires threats of a new invasion to force Iraq to comply with UN resolutions. I wonder, though, how readily George Bush or Mr. Shamir would comply with resolutions that infringed upon the sovereignty of *their* countries.

What a country we have become, with our patriotic songs and yellow ribbons commemorating something like a genocidal slaughter of a primitive people who happened to get in the way of Mr. Bush's rhetoric. For the next four years we will be treating ourselves to encomia upon the triumph of American arms over the barbaric Germans, who committed war crimes, bombed civilians, slaughtered the innocent, simply because they were Slavs, Jews, or gypsies. It is good for a nation to remember its victories, and I shall join the celebration, but if we ever thought we were somehow different as a nation, unwilling to soil our hands in the blood of empire, that illusion should be dissipated now.

Robinson Jeffers thought our entry in World War II was sufficient evidence that we had finally completed the leap from republic to empire. His thoughts on Pearl Harbor sum up the feelings of many decent Americans who served their country without believing Roosevelt's lies:

> The war that we have carefully for years provoked
> catches us unprepared, amazed, and indignant. Our
> warships are shot like sitting ducks and our planes
> like nest-birds, both our coasts ridiculously panicked.

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> And our leaders make orations. This is the people that hopes to impose on the whole planetary world an American peace.

It is an interesting fact that almost all the best American poets of the time—Pound, Eliot, Frost, Stevens, and Jeffers—despised FDR. In this sentiment they were joined, generally, by many of the best and brightest in the country. The America First Committee, described in several fine historical articles in this number, was a loose coalition of Americans who did not wish to send young men off to war on behalf of Joseph Stalin or Winston Churchill, however admirable those two statesmen might have been. The response of FDR and his lackeys in the press revealed that by 1940 America had taken on some of the qualities of a police state. Dismissals and boycotts of anti-interventionist journalists were arranged by the White House. America's greatest hero, Charles A. Lindbergh, was slandered by administration officials, and those slanders continue to be repeated by the Establishment press even today.

A new, patriotic political movement might have emerged, but for World War II and the Cold War that followed. So long as the conservative opposition defined itself in essentially anticommunist terms, there could be no real counterforce to check the Republican-Democrat ruling establishment.

Whether or not America might have stayed out or ought to have stayed out of the war is a subject for historians to debate, but the motives and integrity of most America Firsters cannot be honestly impugned. The committee's rank and file may have been predominantly "conservative," which in those days meant pro-business and antisocialist, but they were joined by a great many liberals. Some were attracted to the committee because of their opposition to war in general; more were Anglophobes—Midwestern Germans as well as the second son of Ambassador Joe Kennedy, who preserved his shanty Irish forebears' hostility to England. (Only the worst of the Irish ever become Anglophiles.) New Dealer General Hugh Johnson signed up, and the dominant intellectual force was probably the *New Republic* columnist John T. Flynn, who was never entirely comfortable with such genuine conservatives as Charles Lindbergh, by far the committee's most effective speaker, and Dudley Swim, the heart and soul of the New York chapter.

My point in stressing the diversity of the America First Committee is simple. Neither party affiliation nor ideology gave the movement its cohesion. It was opposition to the war and affection for their country that bound the members together into a movement. A new, patriotic political movement might have emerged, but for World War II and the Cold War that followed. So long as the conservative opposition defined itself in essentially anticommunist terms, there could be no real counterforce to check the Republican-Democrat ruling establishment.

The collapse of the Soviet Empire has meant, in terms of practical American politics, the complete triumph of the Cold War liberals who constructed the welfare state as a means of pacifying the poor. But nature abhors a vacuum, and even as the Soviet Empire breaks up into pieces, patriotic and regionalist parties are making gains in France, Germany, Italy, and—most recently—in Sweden. In America, on the other hand, we have yet to get beyond the level of speculation, although Sam Francis and Pat Buchanan have both outlined the possible shape of such a movement. The first hurdle is the little matter of the politicians we have in power. The America First Committee could point to some very important congressional allies in both parties—Senators Wheeler, Nye, and Taft, for example. Why can we discover no politicians willing to capitalize on the widespread popular resentment against free trade, open borders, and militant internationalism?

The explanation is very simple. So long as voters continue to cry in their beer and vote for Howard Metzenbaum, Joe Biden, and Arlen Specter, there is no motivation for disturbing a comfortable and lucrative status quo that ensures safe seats and freedom from censure or scrutiny. The Senate is riddled with corruption, and even one man of middling courage could make life miserable for the other 99. There may even be such middling honest men sitting now among the tired war-horses of that undistinguished body, but until their seismographs can detect the first tremors of a popular earthquake, they are right to take no risks.

If there is a saving remnant of independent Americans, now if ever is the time for them to express their discontent with what the Italians call *partitocrazia*. We must learn to throw away our votes on impossible Third Party challenges. But, I am always told, we can't let Mondale or Dukakis into the White House. Nonsense. If the country can survive Jimmy Carter and George Bush, it can survive anything. Of course, President Dukakis would have ruined the American economy as he ruined Massachusetts, but he would have also created an angry opposition. Without that opposition, the American Empire will continue to harden its silos and fortify its positions until no one, on either the left or right, will dare speak out against it.

Until one or the other party picks up the standard of rebellion, they both must be rejected by every American who opposes the current regime. In one respect, both parties are right, and that is in their mutual accusations and condemnations. The GOP is, in fact, turning into the party of Michael Milken and Ivan Boesky; the Democrats are, in fact, a rainbow coalition of everyone who is not white, straight, married, moral, or religious. They ought to be induced to kill each other off. If (speaking now as a straight white male addicted to blood sports)—if I may use a hunting metaphor, what we need is a trick shot: we have to shoot the elephant in such a way that he falls on the donkey and crushes it. It might take a generation just to haul away the rotting carcasses, but we would be able, for the first time since 1932, to breathe clean air. How many of us, I wonder, are so used to the pollution that we have begun to like it? We shall never know, until we have created the first real opposition since 1941. ◈

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THE WRONG WAY TO REDUCE CAMPUS TENSIONS

A Statement of the National Association of Scholars

The academic community is alarmed by reports of intergroup tension at many colleges, including those long committed to equal opportunity. Unfortunately, educators have failed to reassess some recent policies and practices that, far from promoting tolerance and fairness, are undermining them. Worse yet, many have seized upon incidents of conflict to call for the extension of these policies and practices. They include:

- a willingness to admit students widely disparate in their level of preparation in order to make the campus demographically representative
- preferential hiring for faculty and staff positions determined by race, ethnicity, and gender
- racially or ethnically exclusive financial aid and academic counseling programs, as well as special administrators, ombudsmen, and resource centers assigned to serve as the putative representatives of selected student groups
- punitive codes restricting "insensitive" speech
- mandatory "sensitivity training" for incoming freshmen and sometimes for all students, faculty, and staff
- requirements that students take tendentious courses dealing with groups regarded as victimized
- a failure to enforce campus rules when violated by those promoting these policies or other "politically correct" causes

The National Association of Scholars believes that these policies and practices involve either the application of a double standard or the repudiation of appropriate intellectual criteria. Consequently, they undercut the academy's special sense of common purpose and prompt divisive calculations of group interest. Specifically, we believe that:

The admission of seriously underprepared students creates unrealistic expectations and frequently leads to frustration and resentment. Moreover, policies that target specific minority groups unfairly stigmatize all students in such groups, reinforcing negative stereotypes.

Two-track hiring threatens to produce a two-tiered faculty instead of a genuinely integrated one. While such hiring may well create "role models," they will be the wrong kind, encouraging the belief that it is the assertion of group power instead of the pursuit of individual achievement that reaps the most abundant rewards.

Disadvantaged students deserve ample assistance, yet disadvantage need not coincide with race or ethnicity. Those excluded are often frustrated by seeing individuals who may be no worse off than themselves receiving special treatment solely because of ancestry. Furthermore, bureaucracies created to serve or champion particular groups tend to have vested interests in emphasizing differences, fostering complaints, and maintaining the separation of those groups.

Safeguarding intellectual freedom is of critical importance to the academy. Thus, it is deeply disturbing to see the concept of "discriminatory harassment" stretched to cover the expression of unapproved thoughts about selected groups or criticism of policies assumed to benefit them. Higher education should prepare students to grapple with contrary or unpleasant ideas, not shield them from their content. What is more, if a highly permissive attitude toward the excoriation of the "privileged" accompanies the censorship of critical views about other groups, a backlash is predictable.

Tolerance is a core value of academic life, as is civility. College authorities should ensure that these values prevail. But tolerance involves a willingness, not to suppress, but to allow divergent opinions. Thus, "sensitivity training" programs designed to cultivate "correct thought" about complicated normative, social, and political issues do not teach tolerance but impose orthodoxy. And when these programs favor manipulative psychological techniques over honest discussion, they also undermine the intellectual purposes of higher education and anger those subjected to them.

If entire programs of study or required courses relentlessly pursue issues of "race, gender, and class" in preference to all other approaches to assessing the human condition, one can expect the increasing division of the campus along similar lines.

The discriminatory enforcement of campus regulations can only sap the legitimacy of academic authority and create a pervasive sense of mistrust. Indeed, should students feel that repeated violations not only go unpunished, but are actually appeased, the reckless may be tempted to take matters into their own hands. The final stage of discredit will be reached when students and faculty see in such appeasement attempts by administrators to justify their own programs of campus "reform."

The policies just described are generally well-intentioned. Nonetheless, if the goal <u>were</u> deliberately to aggravate campus tensions, the same policies might well be adopted. On the premise that the fair treatment of individuals can do as much to correct the current situation as the doctrine of collective guilt has done to create it, the National Association of Scholars urges the following:

- admitting inadequately prepared students only when realistic provision can be made for remediation
- maintaining nondiscriminatory hiring policies
- eliminating all forms of institutional segregation and preferential treatment determined by race and ethnicity, together with administrative positions that foster ethnic dissension
- protecting the expression of diverse opinion
- avoiding programs that attempt to impose "politically correct" thinking
- adding or retaining ethnic or gender studies courses only when they have genuine scholarly content and are not vehicles for political harangue or recruitment
- enforcing campus rules, even with respect to those who feel they are violating them in a good cause

The National Association of Scholars believes that the surest way to achieve educational opportunity for all and maintain a genuine sense of academic community is to evaluate each individual on the basis of personal achievement and promise. It is only as individuals united in the pursuit of knowledge that we can realize the ideal of a common intellectual life.

For copies of this or other NAS statements, or for additional information about the **National Association of Scholars** and its activities, including its fellows program, research center, speakers bureau, search service, newsletter, state and regional affiliates, conferences, local events, and the quarterly ***Academic Questions***, write to the **National Association of Scholars, 575 Ewing Street, Princeton, New Jersey 08540**, or call **609-683-7878**.

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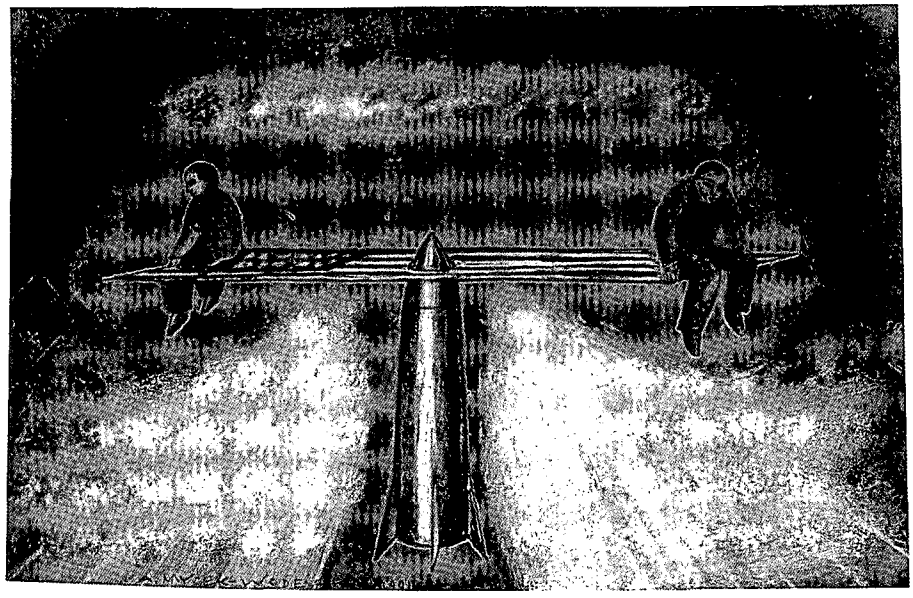

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

The America First Committee

ORIGINS AND OUTCOME
by Justus D. Doenecke

To the degree that it is remembered at all, the America First Committee (AFC) has gone down in history as an organization most suspect, at best composed of good people serving a bad cause, at worst riddled with conscious agents of a Nazi transmission belt. During its heyday in the years 1940-1941, some of the most influential agents of public opinion made no secret of their contempt for the organization. For example, the October 6, 1941, issue of *Time* spoke for many AFC foes in accusing America First of being ridden with "Jew-haters, Roosevelt-haters, Coughlinites, politicians, demagogues."

Moreover, the Roosevelt administration was quite open in its hostility. Speaking with full knowledge that he had the support of the President, in April 1941 Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes found America First composed of "anti-democrats, appeasers, labor baiters, and anti-Semites." Such opposition went beyond the realm of mere rhetoric, involving secret efforts at suppression. The Roosevelt administration engaged in efforts at censorship and political intimidation. The President secretly ordered the Federal Bureau of Investigation to examine America First activities, hired a private investigator, and put a grand jury to work.

Anti-interventionists always claimed that their organization was slandered. Only, however, with the publication of Wayne S. Cole's dispassionate treatment of the AFC, written at the University of Wisconsin under the direction of the distinguished diplomatic historian Fred Harvey Harrington, has a scholarly and dispassionate analysis been made available to the public. Cole's *America First: The Battle Against Intervention, 1940-1941* (1953) revealed that the AFC was a group very much in the mainstream of American political life, offering rational arguments against involvement in what was then called the "European war." Cole gave much attention to the military and strategic arguments behind the position branded "isolationist" by its foes, and any fair-minded reader could see that within AFC ranks, tightly reasoned arguments were advanced. Furthermore, in challenging accusations that the AFC coddled pro-fascists and extreme rightists, Cole wrote that it sought to keep unsavory elements out of leadership positions and local chapters. Admittedly followers of the demagogic radio priest Father Charles E. Coughlin, members of the German-American Bund, and anti-Semites backed the AFC, particularly in Queens, New York, and San Francisco. America First, however, tried to purge its ranks of outright pro-fascists—and was more successful in this endeavor than its critics have ever conceded.

But what really was America First? To understand the organization, a bit of background is necessary. When World War II broke out in September 1939, anti-interventionist sentiment was diffuse and unorganized. The only real anti-interventionist group was a pacifist body, the National

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Council for the Prevention of War. Founded in 1921 by Quaker educator Frederick J. Libby as a clearinghouse for disarmament efforts, the NCPW served as an umbrella organization for a host of leading religious and peace groups that ranged from the National League of Women Voters to the Veterans of Foreign Wars. It reached the peak of its influence in the mid-1930's, when it promoted both the neutrality acts (successfully) and a constitutional amendment to conduct a popular referendum before the United States entered any war (unsuccessfully). By the time Hitler's panzers were crossing Poland, it had lost much ground to Roosevelt's interventionist policies and a host of affiliated bodies had withdrawn, including the American Association of University Women.

In September 1939, Roosevelt asked Congress to revise the existing neutrality law, one that prohibited all sales of munitions overseas. Belligerents, said the President, should be permitted to purchase arms manufactured in the United States provided that they pay cash and carried them in their foreign vessels. Roosevelt's critics, fully aware that such legislation benefited Europe's two leading maritime powers — France and Britain — protested strongly against what was popularly called "cash-and-carry." But such anti-interventionists could carry neither public opinion (if the polls be accurate) nor the Congress with them. The only pressure group of any strength was an interventionist one, headed by Kansas editor William Allen White and named the Non-Partisan Committee for Peace through the Revision of the Neutrality Law.

By the summer of 1940, France, the Low Countries, and two Scandinavian nations — Denmark and Norway — had fallen to Germany. A huge air battle was being waged over English skies, which has gone down in history as "the Battle of Britain," and there was much talk that Hitler would soon launch a ground invasion of that embattled isle.

Moreover, the interventionists had established another pressure group, this one even better organized and financed. Again headed by editor White, it was called the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies. The CDAAA endorsed the destroyer-bases deal of September 1940, an executive agreement by which Roosevelt exchanged 50 destroyers for 90-year leases on British bases in North America and the Caribbean. More militant voices within the CDAAA, who were soon to form the Fight for Freedom Committee, were proposing the sending of major American weapons to Britain, including pursuit planes, tanks, the top secret Norden bomb sight, high-speed torpedo craft (called mosquito boats), and four-engine bombers (called Flying Fortresses).

Only as these events were in the offing did critics of Franklin D. Roosevelt's foreign policy undertake a concerted opposition, one that would soon center on the establishment of the America First Committee. Late in the spring of 1940, Yale law student R. Douglas Stuart and four of his colleagues launched a petition aimed at organizing college students into a nationwide anti-interventionist organization. Among the petition's five drafters were Gerald S. Ford and Potter Stewart, later President of the United States and associate justice on the U.S. Supreme Court, respectively. Their efforts centered on enforcing the key provisions of the "cash-and-carry" law, officially called the Neutrality Act of 1939: banning loans to belligerents and blocking American shipment of war goods abroad. Insisting on the retention of "cash-and-carry," the law students said, "We demand that Congress refrain from war, even if England is on the verge of defeat." America's very survival, so the Yale law students believed, could only be jeopardized if valuable weapons were sent overseas.

The law students soon enlarged their focus, seeking supporters not only in university ranks but in all areas of national life. General Robert E. Wood, 61-year-old board chairman of Sears, Roebuck, volunteered to lead a national organization and immediately became its acting chairman. One of America's leading businessmen, Wood had originally backed the New Deal, supporting in particular federal relief to agriculture and the abandonment of the gold standard. He started to veer away from Roosevelt with the advent of the Wagner Labor Relations Act of 1935, which encouraged the formation of trade unions in major industries; FDR's Supreme Court "packing" proposal of 1937; and the wages-and-hours bill of 1938. Less "isolationist" than many of Roosevelt's critics, Wood supported "cash-and-carry," conscription, and massive rearmament in the air.

The group originally called itself the Emergency Committee to Defend America First, but by late August it had renamed itself the America First Committee. The committee, formally organized that September, immediately took preeminence as America's leading anti-interventionist body. In its brief history, it centered its activity on two of Roosevelt's major foreign policy proposals: the passing of the Lend-Lease bill early in 1941 and the arming of merchant ships and escorting of war supplies to Allied ports in the late autumn of that year. The AFC also criticized other administration moves, such as the occupation of Iceland in July 1941, the drafting of the Atlantic Charter in August, and the placing of economic pressures on Japan throughout 1940 and 1941. Although it took no stand on extending the term of military service for draftees beyond the original one-year limit, something proposed by Roosevelt in July 1941, its research bureau argued that such a conscription policy was not needed for U.S. defense. The AFC remained in existence until Germany declared war on the United States, which was four days after the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, and it formally disbanded on December 11, 1941.

By the time it folded, the AFC had 450 units and at least a quarter of a million members. During the 15 months of its existence, it had held massive rallies, distributed tons of literature, sponsored national radio speakers, and supplied research data to members of Congress. Unquestionably, for most of its life, it had mobilized the maximum amount of opposition possible to Roosevelt's policies.

Prominent supporters included retired diplomat William R. Castle, once U.S. ambassador to Japan; Hugh Johnson, Scripps-Howard columnist and reserve general, who had directed Roosevelt's National Recovery Administration; attorney Clay Judson, who had headed the Chicago Council of Foreign Relations; Kathryn Lewis, who undoubtedly represented her father John L. Lewis, by far the most powerful labor leader in America; Al Williams, another

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Scripps-Howard columnist and leading advocate of air power; investor Sterling Morton, long a staunch conservative; and advertising executive Chester Bowles, later one of the more idealistic of President Kennedy's New Frontiersmen. Liberal columnist John T. Flynn, who had long written a financial column for the *New Republic*, directed the New York Chapter, a particularly activist unit holding rallies on city street corners. R. Douglas Stuart took a leave of absence from Yale, first becoming national director, then executive secretary.

Some minor backers were later to win fame. For example, a personal friend of Stuart's, young John F. Kennedy, contributed a hundred dollars to the organization, writing, "What you are doing is vital." In his reply, Stuart asked Kennedy to work full time for his organization.

The participation of aviator Charles A. Lindbergh was particularly controversial. Flying solo across the Atlantic in 1927, "Lucky Lindy" had become the foremost hero of an entire generation. Certainly he was the only public figure whose popular appeal might match the President's. He drew by far the greatest audiences at AFC rallies, which were broadcast coast-to-coast, though he was also the AFC leader most subject to vehement attack.

One of the more extreme anti-interventionists, Lindbergh said that he wanted neither Germany nor Britain to win the war; rather he sought a negotiated peace. He refused to return a Nazi decoration unexpectedly bestowed upon him in 1938, would not condemn German atrocities publicly, and—writing for the *Reader's Digest* in 1939—called for building "our White ramparts." A "Western wall of race and arms," he said in the November issue, could hold back "either a Genghis Khan or the infiltration of inferior blood," and he spoke of the common role that could be played by "an English fleet, a German air force, a French army, an American nation." In late August 1941, Lindbergh warned that Great Britain itself might turn against the United States.

Then, on September 11, Lindbergh spoke at an AFC rally held at Des Moines. In his broadcast, carried by radio throughout the nation, he condemned Hitler's persecution of the Jews but labeled Jews, along with the British and the Roosevelt administration, as among the three major elements leading the nation to war. "Their greatest danger," he continued, "lies in their large ownership and influence in our motion pictures, our press, our radio, and our Government." Immediately, he—and the AFC—were called pro-Nazi, anti-British, and anti-Semitic. Within a month he denied such accusations, but his address dealt the AFC a blow from which it never recovered.

The AFC did include adherents to the domestic New Deal as well as its foes. Its two leading drawing cards from the U.S. Senate, Gerald P. Nye (Republican-North Dakota) and Burton K. Wheeler (Democrat-Montana), had originally been to the left of the New Deal on many issues. (Nye and Wheeler were also among the most vehemently anti-British of the major AFC speakers.) The AFC research division was staffed by liberals, socialists, and pacifists, and in examining the AFC position papers one finds that almost all the authors were liberals, that is people more in tune with the domestic, as well as the foreign policy, views of Socialist Party leader Norman Thomas than with the Liberty League.

Yet politically the AFC had an anti-New Deal cast. While it was officially neutral on the matter of party politics, it contained far more rank-and-file Republicans than Democrats. Moreover, as noted by historian Cole, many speakers at AFC rallies attacked both the President as a man and his domestic policies. Certainly the AFC executive committee—composed of leaders of the Chicago business community—was representative of the brand of business conservatism predominant in the 1930's, and major parts of Midwestern business bankrolled the organization. Though about 25,000 people contributed $370,000 to the national headquarters, eight businessmen alone supplied over $100,000, among them Chicago textile manufacturer William H. Regnery, Chicago investment banker Harold L. Stuart, and the board chairman of Vick Chemical, H. Smith Richardson. Obviously among the anxieties of such individuals, there was the fear that war would accelerate higher taxes and promote "radical" trade unions in heavy industry. In the wake of an overheated economy, depression would inevitably follow any wartime boom.

If the AFC had an ideology, it was reflected in materials distributed by its speakers bureau. Here one found the anti-interventionist position at its most absolutist, going far beyond the restrained pro-British views of General Wood and nearly all committee leaders. In the eyes of the bureau, the war simply was "another chapter in the series of conflicts between European states that have been going on in war and peace for hundreds of years." A new German empire was attempting to compete with well-established ones, and when Britain learned that Germany would be expanding at Britain's expense, not that of the Soviet Union, it declared war on the Third Reich. Fortunately, the bureau went on, if only the United States preserved its democracy, it could insulate itself from National Socialism.

Even if Britain were victorious, so claimed the speakers bureau, it would be unable to restore the governments destroyed by Germany. Moreover, any reestablished states would be too small to defend themselves, and the unstable political order created by the Versailles peace would simply continue. To the AFC, one thing remained clear: neither the survival of democracy nor the preservation of the global balance of power was at stake in the current conflict.

Economic arguments came from another AFC division, its research bureau. A ravaged Europe, it claimed, would need so much food that Germany would simply be unable to exclude American goods. In fact, without U.S. raw materials, the industries of occupied Europe would be crippled.

Strategic arguments were given as well. In opposing a mass army, America Firsters claimed that a new American Expeditionary Force would simply prolong the struggle overseas, help prevent needed negotiation between England and Germany, and ensure Soviet domination of Europe. Furthermore, as both Germany and Russia were totalitarian states, the AFC claimed that there was no longer—if there ever had been—any moral issue at stake. Lindbergh went so far as to tell an AFC rally, "I would a hundred times rather see my country ally herself with England, or even with Germany, with all her faults, than the cruelty, the godlessness, and the barbarism that exists in Soviet Russia."

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On one level, the America First was a failure. Congress passed every bill the committee opposed, and public opinion polls seldom comforted the foes of intervention. More important, ultimately the United States entered World War II as a full-scale belligerent. America First, however, felt no guilt over its stance. In its closing statement, the AFC national committee said, "Our principles were right. Had they been followed, war could have been avoided."

But America First cannot be dismissed so quickly. Despite its limitations, both internal and external, it did surprisingly well. It helped generate a public sentiment that forced Roosevelt to be more circumspect in such demands on Congress as draft renewal as well as more secretive moves, such as escorting British vessels. The AFC took credit for a number of things: an amendment to the Lend-Lease bill preventing actual delivery of war goods to Britain; Roosevelt's failure to announce the sending of American convoys to Britain in his "national emergency" address of late May 1941, something long expected by both friend and foe of the President; and elimination of a clause—sponsored by the Roosevelt administration—in the original selective service extension bill of July 1941 explicitly permitting American troops to be stationed outside the hemisphere. It is, of course, hard to trace specific influence, but obviously the AFC helped generate enough public sentiment to make Roosevelt more cautious. In addition, as Cole notes, anti-interventionist strength in Congress increased throughout 1941, in large part because of America First efforts.

In one sense, committee strategy was quite successful. The AFC ignored or sought to discredit public opinion polls that consistently showed Americans more desirous of defeating Germany than of keeping out of war. Instead, it stressed that the public, by and large, always opposed entering the conflict as a full-fledged belligerent. What it quite naturally did not stress was that the polls favored Roosevelt's specific interventionist moves. By defining the issue solely as war or peace, the committee could make strategic retreats after each defeat. If the Pearl Harbor attack had not taken place and if Hitler had restrained from attacking American shipping in the Atlantic, the America First Committee might well have won the major battle.

It is hardly surprising that anti-interventionism as a general political posture has been discredited decade after decade. As Professor Cole has written in another work (Richard S. Kirkendall, ed., *The Harry S. Truman Encyclopedia*, 1989), "The challenges to peace and security from the Axis states and then from Communist Russia, the development of nuclear weapons and effective delivery systems, the growth of cities and their accompanying industrial and financial capabilities, the further erosion of rural and small-town America, talented leadership by the foreign policy establishment, and the power of the presidency under Truman—all combined to weaken and discredit isolationism."

Only in Vietnam has the United States withdrawn from a major commitment, and here the opposition to war had a radically different social and economic base than did America First. From the Greek-Turkish crisis of 1947 to the Persian Gulf War of 1991, the interventionists have won all the major battles. Even in Vietnam the opponents of war had little impact until the Tet Offensive that began in late January 1968, just a little less than five years after the first U.S. ground forces arrived in that land.

To talk seriously about such movements as America First, rather than to use its history as a political weapon for any contemporary foreign policy, one task is primary: to understand the full position of anti-intervention in the various decades of American history and the roots from which it sprang. Far too often, the anti-interventionists, including those involved in America First, are simplistically portrayed as prophets par excellence or as evil incarnate. They either foresaw Cold War involvements with perception and accuracy or they were cold-blooded appeasers, naive believers in peace-at-any-price, or sheer lunatics. In neither case is the complexity and richness of their position taken on its own ground.

Yet one can no more validate a contemporary position by separating the prophetic from the foolish than one can clip a person's thought in mid-sentence. Both the rational arguments and the frenzied ones, the points of perception and the points of hysteria, reveal people caught in the most severe sorts of social stress. Of course, though this is far less emphasized, interventionists in all periods were subject to the same internal tensions, and one wishes for more historians possessing the subtlety of Richard Hofstadter and Otis L. Graham, Jr. to do justice to both sides in any such momentous debates.

To its foes, intervention could only mean further erosion of the America they most treasured. Fiscal responsibility, a village culture, individual economic opportunity, economic self-sufficiency, a totally autonomous foreign policy—all were linked together in anti-interventionist eyes, and for many years all have appeared beyond recall. Even now, 50 years later, we all remain—in our very different ways—haunted by the odyssey of America First.

LIBERAL ARTS

AMERICA FIRST AND FOOTBALL

"Even before the national organization [of the America First Committee] was formally established, the first defection took place: Gerald R. Ford, former All-American center in football at the University of Michigan, resigned from the original student executive committee. Ford had been an enthusiastic recruiter for America First. Yet, because he was an assistant football coach at Yale, he feared that the athletic association might frown on his activities and that his job could be in jeopardy."

—*from Justus D. Doenecke's* In Danger Undaunted: The Anti-Interventionist Movement of 1940-1941 as Revealed in the Papers of the America First Committee, *1990*

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WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN
by Wayne S. Cole

The America First Committee was part of democracy in action during one of the most terrifying times in human history. It was the leading pressure group appealing for mass support in opposition to involvement in World War II before Pearl Harbor.

When America First saw the light of day in September 1940, Poland, Denmark, Norway, France, and the Low Countries had already fallen before Nazi Germany's blitzkrieg. Fascist Italy had joined the fray. Winston Churchill had replaced Chamberlain at the helm of the British government. The "Battle of Britain" was raging in the skies and seas of that island kingdom. Though the holocaust lay beyond horizons of the future, Hitler's Nazi persecution of Jews was known to all. Immobilized by the Russo-German Pact, Stalin's Soviet Union waited in the wings to take advantage of opportunities the conflagration might provide. In Asia militarist Japan had overrun much of China, was soon to join in the Tripartite Pact, and was poised to seize northern Indochina. It was a terrible and terrifying time. No one could sensibly make light of the realities at that moment or of the horrors the future might hold. There were no easy answers to the question of what policies the United States ought to pursue toward those ominous developments.

Few Americans felt any sympathy for Hitler's Nazis, Mussolini's Fascists, Hirohito's militarists, or Stalin's Communists. America's charismatic President Franklin D. Roosevelt had proclaimed American neutrality. He pressed expansion of the sea, air, and land forces of the United States, culminating with enactment of the first peacetime selective service law in American history. Never neutral in thought or policies, FDR concluded the deal exchanging overage destroyers for bases in British possessions in the Western Hemisphere. His "aid-short-of-war" policies hoped to sustain resistance to Axis aggression. Millions of Americans, however, worried that those steps "short of war" could prove, instead, to be "steps to war." Therein lay the core of the divisions among the American people.

During its harried 15-month existence the America First Committee organized local chapters in most states, enrolled more than 800,000 members, attracted thousands to huge rallies addressed by leading noninterventionists, distributed millions of pamphlets and leaflets, and inundated congressmen and the White House with letters and telegrams opposing involvement in the war.

The committee's leaders rejected rioting and violence. They barred Nazis, Fascists, and anti-Semites from membership, and tried to enforce those bans. The committee used orderly democratic methods in desperate efforts to keep the United States out of the wars raging abroad. The committee's position on foreign affairs was consistent with traditions extending back to the beginnings of America's independent history and before. When war burst on America with the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, the committee ceased its noninterventionist activities, pledged support to the war effort, and dismantled its organization. Most of its members loyally supported the war against the Axis, and many, including some of its prominent leaders, served in America's Armed Forces. The America First Committee was a patriotic and honorable exercise of democracy in action at a critical time in American history.

Nonetheless, the committee, its leaders, and many of its members took a terrible beating. They failed to keep the United States out of the war. They could not even successfully block specific Roosevelt actions moving the United States closer to war. More troubling, they were tarred by charges that they were pro-Nazi, or serving the Nazi cause. One widely distributed pamphlet called America First "The Nazi Transmission Belt." Senator Joseph McCarthy did not invent "guilt-by-association" methods; President Roosevelt and many of his supporters used those methods with great effectiveness against opponents of his foreign policies. Most leading noninterventionists who held elective office were defeated in later bids for reelection. Prominent leaders of America First carried the stigma of their noninterventionist efforts with them to their graves. The committee remains tarnished and suspect in the eyes of most—including historians who ought to know better.

Though he was a member of America First only half of its history, the famed aviator Charles A. Lindbergh was both its most acclaimed and most vilified spokesman. He had his own independent thoughts and chose his words carefully, but he infuriated his critics. He enraged them when he called for "new leadership" in America—though he never intended the use of any but legal democratic methods to accomplish that leadership. And he brought down the full fury of his opponents when, at an America First rally in Des Moines, Iowa, on September 11, 1941, he charged that "The three most important groups who have been pressing this country toward war are the British, the Jewish, and the Roosevelt administration." Though denying charges of anti-Semitism, neither Lindbergh nor America First ever recovered from the staggering blow that statement brought upon them. One might have thought that Lindbergh had personally ordered the holocaust.

It has now been a half century since the America First Committee waged its losing battle to stay out of World War II. I began doing research on the committee in 1947—two years after the death of Roosevelt and the end of World War II. In the decades since then I have researched every document and letter I have been able to locate on the committee, its leaders and members, and its critics. I researched the papers of the organization and of many of its leaders—including Lindbergh. I gained research access to Justice Department and FBI records.

From the beginning I took the charges against the committee very seriously. I analyzed them with great care.

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There were unsavory and disloyal members of the committee. Its membership was extremely diverse, and its loose-knit organization made control over local chapters difficult. A few obscure individuals were convicted later for failure to register as foreign agents.

Nonetheless, after studying America First and its membership thoroughly over the course of more than three decades, I am increasingly impressed by how clean it was. Close scrutiny leaves an overall impression of loyalty, patriotism, good citizenship, courage, and devotion to the country. Its leaders and members used democratic methods responsibly to influence public opinion and government action on issues of vital importance to all Americans. If one were to balance negatives (that is, the morality of the "dirty tricks" used by opponents of America First versus the magnitude of unsavory or disloyal elements within the organization) the America First Committee comes off vastly better than its critics. The fact that one disagreed profoundly with the views of Lindbergh and believed him totally wrong did not justify accusing him of disloyalty and Nazi sympathies. Those charges simply were not true.

I have reflected on why America First has garnered such an unsavory reputation, and why the images advanced by its critics have prevailed. I have wondered if there was anything the committee and its leaders might have done differently that might have made their efforts more effective or left them less tarnished in the eyes of Clio.

My conclusion is that their cause was hopeless. Nothing the committee or its leaders could have done or refrained from doing could have altered the outcome or aftermath significantly. Conceivably one might set more civilized rules of "fair play" for such important democratic contests. But human nature, raging emotions, and cultural and political differences make self-restraint and fair play increasingly more difficult to sustain.

When differences and debates on important (or even unimportant) matters persist over extended time it is easy to lose control and judgment. One may begin by seeing adversaries as simply mistaken, but end by seeing them as stupid, irresponsible, and downright evil. When those differences are further inflamed by politics, and perhaps by sectional, ethnic, or cultural differences, the emotions may become even more heated. That is human nature.

When those debates occur during terrifying wars abroad, the temptation to identify one's adversaries at home with the evil, aggressive, dangerous foreign foe becomes well-nigh irresistible. To identify America First with Hitler's Nazi Germany was much too tempting (and persuasive, to those eager to believe the worst) to be resisted. And when the powerful President Roosevelt set the example by associating his opponents with that evil aggressive dictator, the consequences for America First and its leaders were devastating. The fact that FDR was an urbane and respected part of the so-called "Establishment" or leadership elite in using those guilt-by-association methods helped protect him and his followers from the fate that befell Senator McCarthy when he used those same methods crudely a decade later.

And finally, when the values that America Firsters treasured and defended (rural, small-town, traditional, democratic, parochial, and conventional) were falling under the juggernaut of a new America radically changing the country's image and values (urban, cosmopolitan, corporate, industrial, creditor, ethnic, outward-looking), the patterns were irreversible.

Many years ago I asked a man who had chaired a large America First chapter if there were any way the committee might have won. He had fought against involvement in World War I two decades earlier as well. He was convinced that once war fervor began to build it was impossible to stop or reverse. Nothing that America First might have done differently could have reversed the outcome. Conversations with others prominent in America First (and in its opposition) provided the same conclusion.

The America First Committee fought the good fight for a cause its members considered vital. That cause and their efforts were consistent with the best traditions of American democracy. Nonetheless, they are unlikely ever to win vindication or even fair treatment at the hands of the greater part of the leadership elite, educators, publicists, or historians. America First failed and suffered the fate of losing causes. The America it served and the world it envisaged are gone and can never be restored.

No one can know for certain what would have happened, either worldwide or within the United States, if the America First guidance had been followed and the United States had not entered World War II. One can only speculate or guess. But neither critics nor proponents of America First can properly pass judgment on the wisdom of its program without speculating about those possible effects —good and bad. Those who applaud America's participation in World War II and profess horror at what might have happened if the America First Committee and its "isolationists" had prevailed assume (*i.e.*, guess) that noninvolvement by the United States would have resulted in a vastly worse world and a more crippled America than we now know. Maybe so. Maybe not.

In the wake of the war in Vietnam, many viewed World War II as America's last "good war" (until the Persian Gulf War). But it was also a terrible, terrible war destroying life, property, and freedom wherever it spread. Nearly fifty million persons died worldwide during World War II. "Only" about three hundred thousand of those dead were Americans. Even when one tabulates total casualties (dead, wounded, and missing), the American total comes to "only" a little over one million—a tiny fraction of the World War II casualties worldwide. Nonetheless, more Americans died in World War II than in all of its other foreign wars before and since combined (not including the Civil War).

And it could have been much worse. If they had not broken the German Ultra code and developed the Enigma decoding machine, if Magic had not allowed Americans to know the contents of Japanese communications, losses for Britain and the United States would have been far greater than they were. If Hitler had not wasted resources developing the V-1 and V-2 weapons and had, instead, pressed earlier production and use of German jet fighters, the losses for British and American bomber squadrons could have been alarmingly greater than they were. If Germany had successfully produced an atomic weapon, can anyone doubt that Hitler would have used it against London and other allied targets? If any one or combination of those and other

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variables had been turned around, the balance between gains from American entry into the war versus costs and losses could have been altered radically. We still might have been able to look back on victory with pride. But conceivably we would be doing so from a more deeply wounded America in a less triumphant Western civilization than we know on this 50th anniversary of Pearl Harbor.

A far more terrifying scenario for America might have presented itself, however, if Hitler had not loosed his German military forces east on the morning of June 22, 1941, beginning the Russo-German War. After the eruption of the Russo-German War, General Robert E. Wood, national chairman of America First, put the committee's position clearly and simply: "With the ruthless forces of dictatorship and aggression now clearly aligned on both sides [of the European war] the proper course for the United States becomes even clearer. We must continue to build our own defenses and take no part in this incongruous European conflict."

At a cost of millions of casualties, Soviet armed forces stopped the German advances at the gates of Moscow, held Leningrad against extended siege, checked the Germans in the Battle of Stalingrad, and threw the German armies back with terrible losses. The British and Americans conquered Axis forces in the skies and on the seas, but it was Stalin's Soviet armies that broke the back of Hitler's armies on the European continent—at a terrible cost in lives and material. Nearly twenty-five million people in the Soviet Union (civilians and military) died in their "Great Patriotic War" against Nazi Germany. If there had been no Russo-German War, Hitler's Nazi forces concentrated in the West would have been vastly more formidable than those the British and Americans actually had to contend with.

Before the Russo-German War began, Charles A. Lindbergh predicted that American military involvement in the war against the European dictators could cost the United States a million lives or more. America's actual losses were less than one-third that number. If any substantial proportion of the losses suffered by the Soviet Union had been transferred to Britain and the United States in the West, however, Lindbergh's prediction would not have been excessive. The costs and losses for Britain and the United States would have been vastly greater, and the possibility of failure at Normandy could have been very real. The United States and Britain may have triumphed ultimately even without the Russo-German War. But if they had, Lindbergh's prediction would not have been unrealistic. The United States could have survived such losses—just as the Soviet Union, Germany, Japan, and China did. But the destructive effects on American and British lives, democracy, economy, and civilization would have been far worse than they were.

The next scenario is more difficult to estimate. If the United States had not entered World War II in Europe, could (and would) Britain and its allies have mounted a successful cross-channel invasion of Hitler's Europe in the West (even with the Russo-German War)? Not likely. What would the consequences of the war between the Soviet Union and Germany have been without Anglo-American fighting on land in Western Europe? Hitler's armies might have crushed the Soviet Union, but that seems unlikely. Or, Stalin's massive forces might have driven west across all of Europe to the English Channel—hardly an appealing possibility. Given the probable Soviet exhaustion by that time, however, that might have been preferable to having Hitler in that position. A third possibility might have (I believe, would have) been a bloody stalemate with both the Soviet Union and Nazi Germany and their people bled white and exhausted. But that scenario need not have endangered American national security or survival.

From the vantage point of a half-century one can even speculate that the main beneficiaries of American involvement in World War II may have been today's prosperous and democratic states of Germany and Japan that were set in new directions as consequences of American involvement and victory. And could it be that noninvolvement by the United States might have left Stalin's Soviet Union more exhausted and less dangerous than it proved to be after the victory that the United States helped to accomplish? And in that situation would the United States in the Western Hemisphere have felt it necessary to spend any more money (and lives and resources) on its military forces than it actually has spent worldwide from 1942 to 1991?

That still leaves the question of whether wars between the United States and the Axis powers in Europe and Asia were inevitable, regardless of what policies and actions the United States might have pursued. And it also leaves the question of whether America's involvement in the war was inevitable, given FDR's leadership, the triumph of industrial-capitalist America, the urbanization of American society, and the erosion of rural and small-town America. Those are separate questions. I would answer the first question negatively, and the second with a probable affirmative. And that gets back to the conclusion reached in the first part of this article. The America First cause was hopeless. ◈

On a Line From the *New Yorker* March 11, 1991

by William M. Galbraith

"Rapunzel in winter is a lonely rhino—"
Spring, alas, is no different,
and what can a rhino do but be angry,
glare balefully and kick dirt?
And such a sad dry dirt it is;
no honest feel of sod,
no turf of ancient grasses,
no sponge of rains
or of spored dust rising,
no smell on the autumn air
except a vague anxiety of absence
when continence is a flood
searing the pea of brain.
And what else is there?
Whatever else but food?
Horizons are only fences,
distorted trees and lines
of little somethings gawking by.

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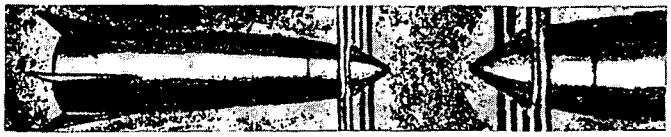
THE ANTI-WAR WARRIORS
by Ruth Sarles Benedict



Back in 1941 some members of the Senate and House took an unpopular route to serve their country, their beliefs, and their priorities in a cause that was hopeless. Many of them were not reelected.

They were the men (no woman of the few then in Congress stands out) who fought against the United States' entry in World War II and against what they perceived as the pro-war measures of the Roosevelt administration. To me, who as a representative of the America First Committee talked with a few of them daily, they were brave men of principle who were willing to challenge a popular President. They were honorable men who understood that their government had the obligation to protect and defend the nation and its interests, which they in turn as elected officials felt obligated to help interpret.

There was Senator Burton K. Wheeler (Democrat-Montana), leader of the noninterventionists, approachable and brisk, who could quickly rally saddened colleagues after a legislative defeat; Senator Robert M. La Follette, Jr. (Progressive-Wisconsin), the bright, thoughtful man of the famous Wisconsin family; Senator Robert A. Taft (Republican-Ohio), the intelligent, reserved son of another famous family; kindly Senator George D. Aiken (Republican-Vermont), whose down-to-earth common sense was refreshing; peppery Senator Hiram Johnson (Republican-California); and many others—Senators Gerald P. Nye (Republican-North Dakota), Bennett Champ Clark (Democrat-Missouri), Guy Gillette (Democrat-Iowa), John Danaher (Republican-Connecticut), D. Worth Clark (Democrat-Idaho), Charles W. Tobey (Republican-New Hampshire), Arthur Capper (Republican-Kansas), C. Wayland Brooks (Republican-Illinois), Henrik Shipstead (Farmer/Labor-Minnesota), to name a few. And on the House side Congressmen Karl E. Mundt (Republican-South Dakota), Paul Shafer (Republican-Michigan), John Vorys (Republican-Ohio), Hamilton Fish (Republican-New York), and Dewey Short (Republican-Missouri).

You can't pin down the exact number of noninterventionists that existed in Congress. The number obviously varied, depending on the subject of the legislation. Noninterventionists were no more monolithic than interventionists. Most military appropriation bills passed without record votes, a few with overwhelming "ayes." On the sweeping Lend-Lease bill, which authorized the President to provide military articles and information to any country "whose defense the President deems vital to the defense of the United States," the "no" vote was 165 in the House, 31 in the Senate. In the last important vote before Pearl Harbor, on the question of revising the Neutrality Act to allow merchant ships to arm and sail with cargo and passengers through war zones, the "no" vote was 194 in the House, 37 in the Senate. In one of the strategy-planning sessions that brought out the noninterventionists on a Sunday afternoon or late on a weekday, 100 came from both houses; in another, 70; in still another, 30-40.

Ruth Sarles Benedict writes from Washington, D.C.

Perhaps the least understood fact about these men was that most of them favored a strong national defense and supported it by their votes. As General Marshall, testifying before a Senate committee on July 1941, said: "As to the cooperation of Congress in matters of national defense, there has been no question at all for a long time. Congress has met our every demand, and, as I say, those demands have been in terms of billions." From 1933 to the end of 1941 Congress approved in regular and supplemental Navy appropriations over $1.5 billion more than requested in the President's budget estimates, and some $9.5 billion more than the President had requested in regular and supplemental War Department appropriations.

It was partly to serve the anti-interventionist members of the Senate and House that the Research Bureau of the America First Committee was set up in Washington early in 1941. The bureau was also to keep America First officials in Chicago informed about the mood and actions of Congress and to relay Washington "gossip" about the administration's intentions and reading of public opinion on issues of war and peace. The bureau had two distinct functions: (1) to circulate on Capitol Hill and to get information about, and plant ideas for, pending or potential legislative action and speeches; and (2) to produce a series of position papers entitled "Did You Know?"—which set forth the anti-interventionist position on important issues.

I was the bureau's free-floating lobbyist who spent her days visiting noninterventionists and their staffs, while James Lipsig, a New York lawyer, along with Cushman Reynolds and Kendrick Lee, all three experienced activists, produced the "Did You Know?" information leaflets. We all worked long hours. My research for the Chicago office and for members of Congress went on into the evenings. The three men never took a night off, and set up a ping-pong table for a daily one-hour's release from their labors. All three were accomplished researchers, knew how to find information quickly in a town papered with resources, and were wise to the needs of elected officials.

This single-focus kind of life we lived handed us a few minor surprises. While working late one night in the office we shared with the Washington chapter of America First, there was a sudden scratching sound from the front window. Several teenage boys were happily painting a huge swastika on our window. We rushed out and shooed them away, and spent a couple of hours scrubbing the window so the dawn would not display a repeat of the tag the Friends of Democracy had pinned on America First—"The Nazi Transmission Belt." And there was the time when we, along with the Washington chapter, were searching for a roomier office. We went with a real estate agent to look at an office near the Capitol. As we approached, we blanched. Inscribed in concrete over the door was the name of the building—Germania. We backed off. Somebody (was it a savvy agent?) squealed, and the next week a weekly magazine carried a nasty story. Around eleven o'clock one night, I heard footfalls outside the window near my desk. I called for my co-workers and we rushed into the alley but found no one.

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We thought it might have been a *Washington Post* reporter, who in the middle of an earlier night had examined the Washington chapter's trash and had written a defamatory story.

The "Did You Know?" papers went regularly to approximately 35 Senators, 250 Congressmen, and 700 editors, writers, and columnists. Hardly a Congressional debate went by in which we did not find fruits of our work in Senate or House proceedings. Sometimes a whole line of argument was traceable to a "Did You Know?" Sometimes the *Congressional Record* carried articles or information we had given a Senator. A friendly State Department official, who did not agree with us but who liked to know what we were up to, read a batch of our pamphlets and commented, "I hate to say this, but they are legitimate, and what's more, readable."

Here is a sampling of the subjects we treated. When a German submarine in the South Atlantic sank the *Robin Moor*, a merchant vessel flying the American flag, and when interventionists stressed that it carried no munitions, the "Did You Know?" of June 18, 1941, pointed out that the ship nevertheless was carrying 1,163 items (70 percent of its cargo) that both the British and Germans had declared contraband. The June 27, 1941, issue challenged the President's statement to the press that the Soviet constitution protected the free exercise of religion. After the President announced that 4,000 U.S. troops had landed in Iceland, the "Did You Know?" of July 9 accused the administration of placing U.S. troops within the German war zones and within shooting range of Hitler's forces. Through a secret agreement with the British, the United States was convoying over three-quarters of the merchant ships in the Atlantic with supplies for the British and with orders to destroy Axis ships. At least two U.S.-owned vessels under Panamanian registry were sunk. The September 23 issue declared that the entire practice of Panamanian registry was an evasion of the Neutrality and Lend-Lease acts. After a U.S. destroyer was sunk, administration pressure to abandon inhibiting sections of the Neutrality Act increased. The President wanted the sections that banned the arming of merchant vessels and their entry into combat zones to be repealed. The October 25 issue declared that repeal meant war and offered pages of shipping information.

I have been asked what it was like to spend my days as a lobbyist for the America First Committee. My day started around 5:30 A.M., when a thump outside my door signaled delivery of five newspapers. I read them and clipped items for my "research" files and then read and highlighted the daily *Congressional Record*. I spent some time almost every day on the Hill, seeing a Senator or a House member or two, or their staffers. The "research" service I provided these men is hard to describe. For example, I might suggest a relevant topic for them to pursue or copy several pages of a book or pamphlet for them. I occasionally wrote short speeches for a member and drafted a few resolutions, or helped a member draft one and find additional sponsors. Several members requested material for radio speeches, and I arranged opportunities for members to speak on the Radio Forum of the Air. It was rare to run across unfriendly staffers or members of Congress, for we were all in the same boat and under fire. We needed each other, and America First offered them help and in many cases a forum for their speeches at America First rallies throughout the country.

I am now 85 years old, and a firm believer in the examined life. I lost a few friends because of my America First ties. My Canadian mother, as pro-Royal as any Briton, offered me redemption through confession. Even as recently as the early 1980's a friend harshly took me to task for my past. Like most people in the peace movement I did not want to "isolate" America. I was an internationalist who welcomed the emergence of my country from that cocoon of aloof self-containment to full participation in the interdependent world community. Nevertheless, I cannot feel apologetic that I went against the mainstream before World War II, because I believed in the correctness of our stand. No one—but no one—knows what might have happened if the Japanese had not attacked Pearl Harbor and saved President Roosevelt the agonizing decision if and when his country should get fully into the war. ©

By the Shores of—

by William M. Galbraith

Here by the golden waters
of this slow stream and dreaming
the clogged dream of aging
indifference, I gather
whatever sunlight pities
the blessed blood. Ah, angels
are turned to doves, to starlings
with mockingbirds as cherubs
a-dance; and sing their steeples;
and windows are always open.
Give hallelujahs, anthems
and madrigals of loving
to all the singing water.
Give praise and in the praising
be cup and crucible,
the eye and the adorer,
the voice, the scream, the whisper.

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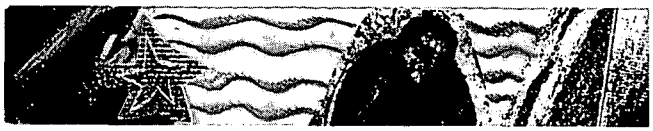
REDSKINS AND PALEFACES

by Leonard P. Liggio



The America First Committee emerged nationwide in the summer of 1940 from the initial efforts of Gerald Ford, Potter Stewart, and other Yale Law School students, seconded by law professor Edwin Borchard. It evolved amid the American political cataclysm following Franklin Roosevelt's landslide election to a second term in November 1936. The mandate to institute a social revolution in America was seized by the New Dealers. The overwhelming Democratic majority in the Senate and House was checked only by the "nine old men" of the Supreme Court. Having struck down as unconstitutional a number of key New Deal acts, this last obstacle to radical change needed to be reformed.

Roosevelt presented his court-packing bill to the new Congress in 1937. After a grueling struggle the bill was rejected when a number of Democratic senators defected from the administration. Traditionalist Democratic senators joined Western Progressive Republicans in defeating the bill. A new majority emerged in Congress in opposition to the New Deal from these former supporters among Democrats and Progressive Republicans. In the 1938 primaries, Roosevelt unsuccessfully campaigned to defeat the defecting Democrats. A new generation of Republicans, as exemplified by Robert A. Taft, defeated the New Deal Democrats, and along with those who defeated the attack on the Supreme Court formed the coalition that opposed Roosevelt's interventionist foreign policy.

Opposition to the court-packing bill was led by Lewis Gannett, publisher of the Rochester *Union-Democrat*. Gannett organized the Committee for Constitutional Government in New York City and launched a mass campaign to encourage citizens to write to their congressmen regarding the court-packing bill. The mass campaign encouraged the congressmen to challenge a President who had won the largest landslide in history.

In the wake of the court-packing controversy the President found that the bill for his pump-priming, tax-and-spend measures to win his reelection had come due. The 1937 Depression was sharp and deep, and the Congress would not buckle under to new New Deal measures that avoided the actions necessary to move out of the Depression. As assistant secretary of the navy during World War I and Democratic vice presidential candidate in 1920 (defeated by the Harding-Coolidge repudiation of the Wilsonian crusade to save the world), Roosevelt had learned how foreign policy could be manipulated to achieve partisan political goals.

Realizing that domestic Keynesianism no longer would move Congress, Roosevelt turned to military Keynesianism. He would create the conditions in foreign policy that would coax the Congress to vote pump-priming government employment schemes through the military budget. Naval shipbuilding would provide lots of government jobs, and Japan's wrongheaded search for stability in China against communist and nationalist movements would provide the excuse.

Roosevelt's greatest loss had been the defection over his court-packing scheme of the pre-New Deal Progressives in the Republican and Democratic parties. Whatever mild government interventions they had advocated, they found abhorrent and un-American the measures proposed by the President's Brain Trust. Their proposals for government aid to farmers were met with New Deal controls and bureaucracy. By opposing the packing of the Supreme Court, the press now called them "right-wingers." Once called agrarian reformers, they were now accused of being more interested in protecting individual rights than in giving the "people" a new agenda.

The Old Progressives were Roosevelt's major opponents. They had been the diehard opponents of foreign interventionism and militarism, such as William Jennings Bryan, who had resigned as Secretary of State in the face of Wilson's lying about neutrality, and the Democratic majority leader of the House, Representative Claude Kitchin of North Carolina, who had led the opposition to U.S. entry into World War I. Republican Progressives had been even stronger opponents of Wilsonianism. Senators Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin and William E. Borah of Idaho, along with Representative (and gubernatorial candidate of Minnesota) Charles A. Lindbergh, Sr., all withstood the withering attacks (sometimes physical) of the national security hounds.

The Old Progressives, especially if they were Republicans, had begun to reassess their former populist domestic agenda. Though onetime supporters of early New Deal legislation, they began to agree with the economic arguments for fiscal and budgetary limitations recommended by Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio and Harry F. Byrd of Virginia. There was a growing recognition that government intervention in either foreign or domestic affairs merely caused greater problems and encouraged further legislation.

The most important legacy of the America First movement was its critical attitude toward change. The Progressive movement of the early 20th century exhibited a dual attitude toward change, seeking both to contain and to control it so as to maintain familiar aspects of the past. For example, the Progressives tended to use government power to limit the effects of agricultural technology that made farming less labor intensive. They saw the farm as necessary for the social and political stability of the country. At the same time, they recognized that change would involve the movement toward a nonagricultural society. The policy was to delay by legislation the change away from farming and to control by political regulation the change to a modern society.

But the Old Progressives perceived change in a different light after Roosevelt's court-packing scheme. Rather than the ideal of an economy based on self-sufficiency and the family farm, they began to see alternative mechanisms of financial security and political independence that were possible in and from a market economy, such as insurance,

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annuities, and home-ownership (the suburban homeowner as the yeoman). In addition, the New Deal experience had warned them about the evils of central control. They began to see the homeowner and the consumer as the foundation of modern society, and government legislation, regulation, and bureaucracy as threats. It was not difficult for them to see that internationalist foreign policy, especially foreign military and economic aid, was the New Deal writ large around the world.

That the America First legacy involves the problem of modernization was expressed recently in a September book review in the *New Republic*. The reviewer was discussing conservative support for Moise Tshombe, who sought a confederation of autonomous provinces of the Congo rather than the CIA's centralized military despotism:

> The same shift and tension appeared in conservative responses to the Nigerian civil war. Huxleyish (Elspeth Huxley) sympathies for gallant Ibos were generally overridden by America-Firster "realism," which perceived a strong American interest in preserving a pro-capitalist, pro-Western, and potentially oil-rich national government in Lagos.

This was preceded by the following insights into American attitudes on foreign policy:

> The examples of 1776, and of Franklin Roosevelt's construction of a powerful, centralized, capitalist-welfare state permitted many liberals to fantasize, in the characteristically teleological "modernization" discourse of that silver age, that independent Africa was following cheerfully if belatedly in American footsteps.
>
> By 1970, however, this rosy consensus had largely broken down. Some intellectuals, working the individualist-moralist side of the liberal street, became upset over the plainly brutal treatment of oppositions and minorities by postcolonial authoritarian regimes. If African states had the right to self-determination, they were certainly not permitted the right to abandon "basic human values." Such liberals sympathized with Biafra and denounced the "anti-Semitic" pogroms against the Ibos in 1966-67. Others, more enchanted with Keynesian welfare-capitalism, tended to accept the claim that "African nationalists" had the right to run their countries in accordance with local conditions and traditions, provided that the general trajectory of their regimes could be read in a "progressive" New Deal light. These people conjured up the dangers of tribalism and sectionalism, and Lincoln's use of strong-arm methods to "save the Union," to insist on the need to support the "nationalist" military regime of General Yakubu Gowon and its look-alikes elsewhere on the continent.

Despite the reviewer's bizarre attribution of America First "realism" to military, diplomatic, and financial intervention by the U.S. government, to which America First "realism" would be totally opposed, there is an important recognition of the difference between true America First conservatism and the pseudo-conservatism of the State Department and White House that has adopted a Dag Hammarskjöld-type of idealism that runs roughshod over local customs and autonomy. America First conservatism challenged these fantasies regarding "modernization" and saw the violations of human rights by U.S.-supported governments as proof of an essential corrupt foreign policy.

America First realism saw traditions and customs as evolving institutions that responded to new ideas and new challenges, some good and some bad. It opposed Western government conquests around the world, while remaining neutral about Western individual merchants, missionaries, sightseers who wish to bring trade, medicine, education, or tourism to foreign peoples who wished to accept them. America First realists were not surprised that the post-colonial leaders, who had been trained in the best ideas of Western interventionism, of Keynesianism and of the welfare state, violated human rights. Having been subjected to the human rights violations of Roosevelt, they were not surprised that Big Brother led to spying and prosecutions. The Keynesian welfare state cannot accept the traditional societies it encounters.

America First conservatism is the view of the ordinary American, the silent majority, who wishes to be left alone by the state. It is the view of the 19th-century American whose only contact with the state was with the postman, and it holds that the world is made up of human beings with the same nature but with varying customs and institutions. America First conservatism is cosmopolitan, but not interventionist.

It is possible that the cosmopolitanism of the America First legacy can include those who when visiting abroad feel a sense of American superiority. While accepting foreign cultures on their own terms, most would still prefer to return to their own home, street, and church. But it is contrary to this tradition to belittle American culture and to speak of the superiority of anything foreign. One is reminded of John Lukacs' contention that American attitudes on foreign policy parallel the literary contrast between palefaces and redskins. The redskin authors—like Mark Twain, Willa Cather, H.L. Mencken—relished American attitudes, personalities, and characters, while the palefaces—like Henry James—preferred Europe (especially England) and Americans who acted English. There was no mistaking the redskin in Bob Taft, Barry Goldwater, and Ronald Reagan. When the New Left spoke of an abstract Prairie Power, it was the Republicans who produced the concrete voters for the Sage Brush Rebellion.

It is the paleface Americans who make up the Establishment and fill the bureaucracy, especially in the State Department and foreign aid and international information agencies. The American public—the redskins—tend to resent their hectoring and advocacy of financial and other involvement by the taxpayers in foreign affairs. We find the bullying of these palefaces annoying. Think how offensive they must be to other people around the world.

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A Man for No Season

by Theodore Pappas

"It is not merely that speeches, statistics, and records of every kind must be constantly brought up to date in order to show that the predictions of the Party were in all cases right. It is also that no change in doctrine or in political alignment can ever be admitted."

—George Orwell, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*

Conspirator: The Untold Story of Tyler Kent
by Ray Bearse and Anthony Read
New York: Doubleday;
332 pp., $24.50

◆

Harry Elmer Barnes argued in the early 1950's that the myths and folklore about America's entry into World War II were more fantastic than the fictions produced about World War I. Honest debate about World War I occurred in the 1920's, and it gave birth to one of the most significant developments in 20th-century historiography —revisionism. This congenial climate of opinion, however, was not to be tolerated after 1945. The opposition that revisionism encountered in the 1920's was minimal compared to the smear campaigns, ostracism, and *ad hominem* attacks that were orchestrated against historians who rejected the party line on Franklin Roosevelt and America's entry into World War II. And if *Conspirator: The Untold Story of Tyler Kent* by Ray Bearse and Anthony Read is any indication, the party line is alive and well and the campaign of misinformation continues to this day.

Tyler Gatewood Kent was born in 1911 at a mission hospital in Newchwang, Manchuria, where his father was the American consul. He spent his early years in Germany, Switzerland, and Bermuda, before attending school in Virginia in 1919. After two years at a prep school in Dublin, he returned to America and entered Kent School in Connecticut and then St. Albans in Washington. He entered Princeton in 1929 and quickly distinguished himself as a linguist. He left Princeton during his sophomore year, studied Russian at the Sorbonne and Spanish at the University of Madrid, and then attended George Washington University in 1933, where he prepared for a career in the foreign service with studies in history and economics.

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

In October 1934 he joined Ambassador William Bullitt's first staff in the newly established American embassy in Moscow and in October 1939 was transferred to the American embassy in London. Responsible for encoding and decoding messages, Kent had access to all communications passing through the London embassy, including the secret exchanges that occurred in 1939 and 1940 between Churchill—then Lord of the Admiralty, not Prime Minister—and President Roosevelt. Convinced that Roosevelt was dragging the country into war, Kent saved and copied thousands of documents, particularly those directly dealing with the correspondence between a "naval person" and the President. His stated purpose for collecting these documents was to prevent Roosevelt's reelection in 1940 by informing the leading isolationists in Washington of this secret correspondence. He lent some of these documents to Anna Wolkoff, a White Russian émigré he had befriended in London. He thought she might show them to Captain Archibald Ramsay, a Conservative member of Parliament who was, with Wolkoff, a member of a reactionary organization called the Right Club. Ramsay was in a position to break the story of the secret correspondence via a speech on the floor of the House of Commons. Wolkoff returned the documents to Kent the following day.

However, unbeknownst to Kent, Wolkoff had had the documents photographed and passed on to a friend at the Italian embassy, who in turn relayed them to Germany via Rome. The photographed documents revealed that Churchill had agreed to stop searching and seizing American ships—repeated incidents of which

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had seriously damaged British-American relations by January 1940—if Roosevelt in return would agree to keep this deal a secret from other neutral nations and agree not to carry cargo that Britain considered contraband.

On May 20, 1940, after months of investigation, Tyler Kent was arrested by Captain Maxwell Knight, head of the British Security Service. Nearly two thousand embassy documents were found in his possession. In what is considered the first major espionage trial of World War II, Kent was convicted under British law of violating the Official Secrets Act and sentenced to seven years in a British prison. He was released in late 1945, whereupon he returned to the United States. Kent died in Kerrville, Texas, in 1988.

Ray Bearse and Anthony Read have written not a historical account of the Tyler Kent affair but another chapter in the mythology of World War II. In fact, it is difficult to find a single argument in their book that is supported with anything but conjectures, guesses, and innuendos. They exhibit no concern whatsoever for an honest and evenhanded analysis of the evidence, and their bias against Kent is evident from the start. "Kent was endangering the very existence of a friendly power that was then truly fighting for its life," they write in the prologue. "Had Britain fallen, the United States would have been left to fight the inevitable war against Nazi Germany." Historical incidents are never inevitable, except to amateur historians like Bearse and Read, and there was certainly nothing inevitable about a war between America and Nazi Germany.

Like inveterate liars who over time come to believe in their own veracity, the authors conjecture something in one chapter and then resurrect it as truth later on, either oblivious or indifferent to the fact that they never proved the point in the first place. The authors' "proof" that Tyler Kent was an agent for the NKVD during his days in Moscow is a prime case in point. The authors begin by making much of the fact that Kent had "affairs" with a number of Russian women. Kent was only 22 years old when he arrived in Moscow, one of the dreariest capitals in all of Europe. With only one woman on the embassy staff during the entire five years of Kent's stay in Moscow, it should not be surprising that diplomats and clerks alike ended up associating with Russian women. And this included Ambassador Bullitt, who was fond of mingling with ballerinas from the Bolshoi. Moreover, personal relations between Americans and Soviet citizens were not viewed as suspiciously as hindsight might suggest. Soviet Russia in the 1930's was by no means perceived as the Cold War menace it would later become. On the contrary, Roosevelt had come to view it as an important potential ally, one worthy of America's recent diplomatic recognition. William Bullitt, in fact, was one of the most pro-Soviet ambassadors to ever hold the post.

Ironically, the authors denounce Kent's relationships with Russian women but see nothing unnerving in the fact that Ambassador Bullitt was bisexual and that Max Knight was sexually impotent or a homosexual; and it is the homosexual, not the heterosexual, foreign service officer who has traditionally been most vulnerable to blackmail. Nevertheless, Bearse and Read deem the young Kent a "womanizer," a "wencher," who was "obsessed with sex," while the sexually confused or frustrated Knight was merely "remarkably complex." The authors add that Knight was handpicked for the Kent case by Britain's counterespionage expert Guy Liddell, a man "particularly good at spotting and encouraging talent." Anthony Blunt and Kim Philby were two other promising officers spotted by the talented Liddell.

The authors contend that Kent's relationship with Tatiana Ilovaiskaya, a NKVD informer, is enough to substantiate Kent's work as a Soviet agent. Kent never denied his relationship with Tatiana, and he even admitted that they would "lie abed mornings and laughingly discuss what she would tell her bosses that day." But Kent went to his grave denying that any of her information came from him or the embassy, and never have there been any evidence, any documents, any confessions to the contrary. Guilt by association, however, is all the evidence Bearse and Read need. "Kent must have passed substantial quantities of genuine information from the embassy." The authors even provide a psychological justification for Kent's alleged actions. "No doubt the knowledge [that Tatiana had ties to the NKVD] added spice to the relationship for Kent, enabling him to feel secretly superior to his fellows in the embassy. It would have been completely in character for him to have despised [fellow] Foreign Service officers." After all, the embassy had once reprimanded Kent for having asked out the secretary of one of Bullitt's guests, and "no doubt the reprimand was stored in Kent's memory as a score to be settled sometime."

After stating that Kent "must have" passed papers on to the NKVD, the authors feel qualified pages later to state this as fact. "But Tyler Kent seemed to have no such qualms about cooperating with the Soviets, and went on happily supplying secrets to [Tatiana] and her masters in the NKVD." The authors brush off the fact that they have no evidence for this contention by writing, "We must set his need for financial and sexual rewards against any protestations of innocence." And like habitual liars who have finally lost all touch with reality, the authors then wildly conclude, "Given our current knowledge of Kent's NKVD connections, it is entirely possible that Stalin received copies of the [Roosevelt-Churchill] signals through [Kent]"!

The authors' allegiance to the no-doubt, probably-was, must-have-been school of historiography haunts this book from beginning to end. Not even the tangential matters of the narra-

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tive are substantiated. Moscow, for Kent, "*must have been* a great culture shock, and the prospect of a stay of six years quite daunting." Concerning Kent's penchant for copying documents, "Partly, *no doubt*, it was for his own satisfaction, like that of any collector of stamps or books or paintings. It *must also have been* partly to nourish his need to possess secret knowledge and thus assert . . . his superiority over those lesser beings who were in authority over him. But it is impossible to avoid the thought that he *may still have been* collecting information for the NKVD. Though there is *no evidence* that he ever passed anything to them directly in London, it is known that several of his friends and associates outside the embassy were Soviet agents or collaborators, willing or unwilling."

Concerning his relationship with Anna Wolkoff, "There is *no hard evidence* that she and Kent were lovers, though with his tomcat morals and obsession with sex it is hard to believe that he did not add her to his list of paramours." Concerning Kent's association with members of the Right Club, "Kent, of course, was an enthusiastic member, though, strangely, his name does not appear on the list [of members]." And concerning the all-important question of whether Kent knew that Anna Wolkoff was going to have the documents photographed and sent to the Germans, "Kent *may have been* perturbed at the thought that the signals had been photographed. But the idea of their being passed to the Germans *may not have been* entirely unwelcome to him." The authors cannot even resist accusing Kent of condoning terrorism. Regarding the IRA bomb that exploded in Coventry in 1940, killing five people and injuring fifty, "*No doubt* this terrorist act was welcomed by Kent."

If any psychological interpretation is warranted, it is for an understanding of Bearse and Read, not of Kent. For aside from their delusion that they have written a work of history, the authors exhibit a strange preoccupation with things sartorial. They contend that ever since Kent entered Princeton with "a smart wardrobe from Brooks Brothers," he suffered a lifelong obsession with tailored clothes, an obsession that somehow bespeaks Kent's debauchery and deceit. Then there is Joan Miller, Britain's beautiful undercover agent who infiltrated the Right Club to gather information on Kent and Wolkoff and who after "three sexually frustrated years of living with [Max] Knight" was seen "floating angrily around London in tentlike garments." Of course, Kent's relationship with Archibald Ramsay is easy to explain, for "both were immaculate dressers, fond of good clothes." Kent's mother—who spent every breathing moment attempting to free her son from prison—was particularly disgusting since she was "a chubby woman given to wearing hats and gowns of an earlier era." Moreover, Kent "must have been" embarrassed when she visited him in prison, because when he was young and his mother would visit him at prep school, "there can be no doubt" that "he compared her dowdy clothes with the classic Peck & Peck uniforms of gray flannel or tweed suits, or gray flannel skirts with cashmere sweaters and a single strand of pearls, worn by the mothers of his classmates."

Most disturbing, however, is the disingenuousness of this book's title: *Conspirator*. That Kent illegally removed and copied confidential documents, no one denies. But a "conspiracy" is "an agreement between two or more persons to commit an illegal act," and a "conspirator" is "one who conspires with others" to commit such an act. In other words, one person does not a conspiracy make, and never has anyone or any study ever proven that Kent acted in concert with anyone else in the collecting of documents; that he knowingly showed documents to an agent of a foreign government; or that he collected the documents for any reason other than his purported aim of getting them to the leading American isolationists of the day.

The one obvious conspiracy that did exist is the one the authors intentionally play down: the Washington and London conspiracy to silence Kent and to keep him imprisoned outside of the United States for the duration of the war. There was a reason why Kent remained calm throughout his arrest and interrogation. He was confident that once he had been deported, the Roosevelt administration would never make him stand trial for fear of disclosing the politically damaging documents that he would have at his disposal. What Kent did not realize is that Roosevelt had no intention of bringing him home. For after his arrest he was fired from his post, thereby erasing his diplomatic immunity and freeing him to be tried under British law. Nor had Kent considered that, in Britain, matters dealing with state security could be tried *in camera*, behind locked doors, with journalists excluded and all lawyers and jurors sworn to silence. Tyler Kent's crucial mistake was not his stealing of top secret documents, but his failure to understand and to appreciate fully the political shrewdness of the Roosevelt administration.

The conspiracy to cover up the Tyler Kent affair was so brilliantly executed that it did not even become an issue until the 1944 election, and then only briefly. Senator Burton Wheeler of Montana, though unable to condone what Kent did, was outraged that an "American boy connected with the American embassy could be tried in a secret British court," and that he could still remain in a British prison four years later. "What would have happened," he asked, "if we should arrest a member of the British embassy here and endeavor to try him in an American secret court?"

In reply to Wheeler's question, Senator Henrik Shipstead of Minnesota said: "He would be sent back to England to be tried under the laws of England." His answer, however, was perhaps overly optimistic. For given the cordiality of relations between Churchill and Roosevelt, the hypothetical Briton would probably never have been arrested. In fact, it is well-known that Britain had, with Roosevelt's approval, an intelligence network headquartered in New York called the British Security Coordination, whose job it was to track and to frustrate every move of the leading American isolationists of the day. Senator Burton Wheeler was one of its prime targets. America's anglophilia often stretches to great lengths, encompassing even British agents who spy on American citizens. Instead of being denounced as an agent for a foreign power, William Stephenson, the BSC's famed Canadian-born leader, has been honored with lavish praise and lionized in book and film. Tyler Kent was a "spy," but William Stephenson was *A Man Called Intrepid*. ◈

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From the Family of the Lion

by M.E. Bradford

"There is a kind of revolution of so general a character that it changes the tastes as well as the fortunes of the world."

—La Rochefoucauld

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Abraham Lincoln and the Second American Revolution
by James M. McPherson
New York: Oxford University Press; 192 pp., $17.95

◆

There is a popular myth of Abraham Lincoln, our 16th President, that is known to most Americans. According to the orthodox version of this highly sympathetic construct, Lincoln was a plain and honest fellow, called by other plain, uncalculating men to preserve the handiwork of the Fathers, the Old Republic, perfecting that inheritance in the process of keeping it together. This Lincoln is no illustration of frenzied ambition, but rather a simple soul who had stumbled first into the practice of law and then into Illinois politics. He hated war but was determined to honor a trust put into his hands, even if that commitment meant more killing than in all other American wars put together. A reluctant and gentle conqueror, he stood ready, once secession had ended, to welcome the South back into the national family: like the father in the parable, rejoicing at the return of foolish children. Such is the Lincoln who grew melancholy in thinking of what blacks endured and who "died to make them free." This Father Abraham, the sad man of Illinois, the prairie republican/Republican, in his spirit still hovers over this nation, giving direction and encouragement to successive generations of his countrymen. Of his early life we know that he identified with the poor, that he read by firelight, lost his sweetheart, deplored the Mexican War, and served a frontier community as a member of the state legislature and the U.S. Congress. As a spokesman for wholesome, local ways, he debated Stephen Douglas. And he truly suffered in presiding over his country at war, spending blood only with agonized reluctance—certainly with no idea of reshaping its social and political order so as to make of it a vehicle for his private dreams of what power in the state might accomplish. So goes the myth.

In making, over a period of two decades, a series of scholarly objections to the distortion and oversimplification embodied in this myth, I had the pleasure of being treated briefly as the object of national puzzlement and irritation. For about five weeks I was cast as the leading villain in a political melodrama of what a public servant is allowed to believe: anathema because of what I said about the American past. Obviously, what I thought of Lincoln was not the real issue behind this affected and rhetorical outrage at my political heresy. But to my surprise, it is now evident that in most fashionable academic neighborhoods my understanding of Lincoln as transforming agent (which is, in essence, Willmoore Kendall's view of the evidence) has come all the way around to seem not at all farfetched. Or at least that is true of the descriptive component of my analysis.

James M. McPherson's *Abraham Lincoln and the Second American Revolution* summarizes the current trend in interpretive historiography on this subject. His Lincoln is a radical refounder of the "Old Republic of the Fathers," like the "lion" and "eagle" of which Lincoln had first spoken in his 1838 "Springfield Lyceum Speech"; an American Caesar who, in McPherson's phrase, through "his own superb leadership, strategy, and sense of timing . . . determined the pace of the revolution [of 1860] and ensured its success." Arguing more or less to the same effect, Carl N. Degler in the *New York Times* last February 12 maintained that Lincoln was the American Bismarck and that "What the [Civil] War represented, in the end, was the forceful incorporation of the South into a newly created na-

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tion." Which, in both cases, is what I have argued all the time.

However, there is one big difference between McPherson's Lincoln and what the record should lead us to conclude. For McPherson believes that all of this refounding by policy, construction, demagogy, and force of arms was wonderful to behold, pointing toward a "more perfect Union" than even James Madison could have imagined. In other words, he likes what the United States, as a political construct, has become better than he likes what it was. Those who do not, on balance, share in his enthusiasm for the present configuration of our political system in omnicompetent government obviously will not agree with McPherson's evaluation of Lincoln's handiwork; those who differ with him about a "new birth of freedom" brought about by violation of contract will see a rejection of the terms of that contract in the accomplishments at Gettysburg, at Atlanta, and at Appomattox Court House. McPherson's Lincoln "as he seems to us now" is a summary figure in *one* of the great American political traditions, that heritage which affirms the growing power of Leviathan to achieve ends and purposes it thinks proper, to apply its rhetoric and its energy to reshape the recalcitrant material of the body politic. In this system what seems fit according to some extrinsic philosophical or moral standard is also lawful, regardless of what Constitution and statute leave to the irregular operations of free choice among constituent members. McPherson clearly belongs to that tradition. Those who measure the history of American politics against the paradigm of the old Constitution, or who affirm in public life no more regulation than what that document, as amended, permits will not, however, be at ease with McPherson on Lincoln's version of liberty, of unconditional surrender, implied powers, and revolutionary transformation *cum* preservation of the Union. Such Americans as are put off by this intrusive paradigm will not have so sanguine a view of Mr. Lincoln. For they come out of another American political tradition, the one which gave us our original Constitution and Bill of Rights. For them the Emancipator will always seem to be a crafty manipulator of men's emotions, a great incendiary, and almost a tyrant. Nothing in McPherson's evidence dislodges me from membership in this second company.

McPherson's arguments for Lincoln as a second Founder is based on an analysis of the "scope and meaning of revolutionary transformations in both substance and process wrought by the Civil War" and "Lincoln's leadership in accomplishing these changes." McPherson doesn't dwell on the formal characteristics of the original Republic, what defined it before Mr. Lincoln came along. But he is serious about the word "revolution." Of what happened when the South was defeated and how Lincoln shaped that victory, he writes, "Abraham Lincoln was not Maximilien de Robespierre. No Confederate leaders went to the guillotine. Yet the Civil War changed the United States as thoroughly as the French Revolution changed that country." Lincoln accomplished this legerdemain by making liberty a gift of government—and by assigning to the federal power a general responsibility for the well-being of American citizens. This much it accomplished by freeing the slaves and preserving the Union by military means—not by persuasion and politics—thus putting the civil bond which makes a nation on a new basis. Of the origin of the Old Republic in resistance to a power remote, unresponsive, and potentially hostile McPherson has little to say.

He praises Abraham Lincoln for his use of metaphor (Lincoln *was* the greatest master of the language among all our Presidents) and for his ability to stick to one large objective. He treats the modern theory of total war leading to unconditional surrender as if it could conceivably enjoy moral standing. And he invents a doctrine of liberty with which most men might be enslaved, "for their own good." But these exercises are merely conventional and adjunctive. For McPherson is really about his business only in discoursing on his favorite American revolution and its objectives: to free the slaves; to end Southern domination of national politics; to change, internally, the social order of the South; and to commit the entire nation to a new politics, derivative of the second sentence of the Declaration of Independence, not the Constitution. After 1865 almost everyone in the South was poor. But McPherson is simplistic with reference to the essentially familial order of life in the region: politicization of private things did not come until after 1918. And for the meliorist, the progressive, destruction of slavery by war was a far more complicated business than this book or McPherson's earlier studies of abolitionists would allow. Concerning Southern domination of national politics he hits the mark. In retrospect, that shift in control was clearly the central meaning of this conflict. But as Charles Fairman, Phillip Paludan, and Earl M. Maltz have taught us, the United States Supreme Court in the Reconstruction era, with assistance from Congress and various Northern states, prevented the remaking of the Constitution: prevented even a radical reading of the Reconstruction amendments. Therefore we have to conclude that McPherson's "revolution" is a product of the imagination; and his Lincoln less the practical politician (who at one point supported the *original* 13th Amendment that would have protected slavery forever) and more the American demigod of the Lincoln Memorial.

Thus I cannot rejoice at the extent to which Professor McPherson would seem to agree with me. For McPherson on Lincoln the revolutionary constitutes a study in inversion of terms and ingenuity in argument—an abuse of the evidence—and is less impressive than Herndon in his narrative of the strong country lad who could wrestle and pin his enemy, who learned to play his cards as they came, and who could summon eloquence when he needed it—especially when he imitated the country preachers and the language of the Authorized Version.

* * *

In early August, I turned in this review to the literary editor of *National Review*, who had commissioned it. Although he indicated in a telephone conversation that he liked it well enough, later he informed me that the editors of *National Review* had decided not to run the piece because it might be taken as an expression of the magazine's editorial philosophy. As a result, I sent a letter to the editor-in-chief, terminating my association of 25 years with that publication. ◈

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The Treasury of Virtue

by Clyde Wilson

The New Jacobinism: Can Democracy Survive?
by Claes G. Ryn
Washington, D.C.: National Humanities Institute; 102 pp., $8.95

◆

"Contrary to widespread belief, evidence is accumulating that Western democracy is in continuous and serious decline," writes Claes Ryn in the opening of this eloquent, concise, and hard-hitting manifesto that goes immediately to the heart of our times. "Many commentators proclaim democracy's triumph over evil political forces in the world and hold up today's Western society as a model for all humanity. They do so in the face of glaring symptoms of social decay," he continues, and adds, a little later: "Although the difficulties of Western democracy are manifold and have no single source, the most important can be seen as directly or indirectly induced by a deficiency at the ethical center."

Though written against a background of rich scholarship, *The New Jacobins* is not an academic book. Nor is it one of those volumes of semi-fashionable "conservative" journalism that appear from time to time and are hyped for their marginal empirical criticisms of the reigning establishment. Rather, Professor Ryn's work resembles one of those great political pamphlets that have appeared occasionally at points of crisis in Western history to mobilize the decent and thinking into a recognition of peril. So apposite to our present situation is the book that I am tempted to turn this notice into a string of striking quotations, but let two or three suffice:

> Nationalism, by contrast [to patriotism], is an eruption of overweening ambition, a throwing off of individual and national self-control. Nationalism is self-absorbed and conceited, oblivious of the weaknesses of the country it champions. It is provincialism without the leaven of cosmopolitan breadth, discretion, and critical detachment. It recognizes no authority higher than its own national passion. It imagines itself as having a monopoly on right or as having a mission superseding moral norms. . . .
>
> Of those in the West today who are passionate advocates of capitalism and want it introduced all over the world, many are former Marxists. The shift from being a Marxist to becoming a missionary for capitalism may be far less drastic than commonly assumed. . . . The Jacobin spirit can align itself with that set of potentialities in capitalism that are most destructive of the ways of traditional society. . . . A certain kind of advocacy of capitalism turns out to have much in common with the Jacobin passion for an egalitarian, homogeneous society. . . .
>
> It is indicative of the influence of the Jacobin spirit in the Western world that a fondness for abstract general schemes and utopian visions should today have attraction even for people said to be "conservative" or "on the right." This development says a great deal about the scope and depth of the Western flight from reality.

Constitutional democracy and Jacobin democracy are two different things. Constitutional democracy consists of a healthy social order with dispersed power. Like a healthy individual, constitutional democracy lives by prudence and moderation and with a set of ethical rules (a constitution in the case of a state) that govern the pursuit of prudent ends by ethical and restrained means. Jacobin democracy is egalitarian and plebiscitary, but also, of course, centralized and elitist, and aggressive both at home and abroad. It is the burden of Professor Ryn's alarum that we are fast inclining into an advanced state of that latter condition — that loud hosannas to the beauty and success of democracy portend not its triumph but its end. And that our real problem is ethical, not political or utilitarian — the substitution of self-congratulatory abstract political goals for a decent and ordered life and state. He is, of course, right, and nowhere has the argument been better stated in short compass.

Ryn makes his case admirably, especially in those passages in which he shows the neoconservatism to be a symptom of the problem and not a cure; as well as in the chapter, worth a book, that shows us that today's trumpeters of capitalism are talking about something that is as different from our forefathers' love of private property and freedom of trade as their "democracy" is from the constitutional order of our Framers. It would be well if this work could be widely dispersed, and I wish I could be as optimistic as Professor Ryn that a reaffirmation of traditional principles will serve. But I am not, for several reasons.

It may be that the social fabric no longer exists in which good principles can find root. We need to be able to produce young men who want to ride hard, shoot straight, speak the truth, and revere their ancestors, and not to imitate Michael Jackson, lust after the fast buck, and crow over the skill of lobbing high explosives accurately onto alien women and children from a safe distance. We do, indeed, still turn out such young men, but given the existing regime, their virtues are quickly perverted to bad ends or degraded into cynicism.

It is healthy and wholesome to appeal to tradition and to try to enshrine it in our education. But, as Allen Tate pointed out long ago in his criticism of Irving Babbitt, we are already at so great a level of disconnection from tradition as a living reality as to render our achieve-

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ment in that regard doubtful. Alas, why appeal to the need for a leavening of aristocracy and constitutionalism in the life of democracy? That question was settled at Appomattox, a century and a quarter ago, in favor of aggressive and self-congratulatory democracy. If Americans had any real connection with their constitutional traditions, then the Straussian sophistries (which Ryn skillfully skewers as the source of neoconservatism) would not be officially enshrined. They would be regarded merely as silly, eccentric, and inconsequential German abstractions with no relevance to American history or principles.

And, I fear, we suffer not only from bad doctrine, but from defects of character. The kind of spirit that compels me to buckle my seat belt and forbids me to smoke, that finds virtue in subsidizing my private decision to kill my unborn child while forbidding me to criticize any favored foreigner or minority group from fear of hurting tender feelings—that kind of spirit is not Jacobinism only. It is, rather, the natural reflection of what has come to be the predominant and normal strain of the American national character. And it is so far from what our fathers regarded as the rights and duties of constitutional liberty as to render their spirit unrecoverable. The absentee, abstract, and artificial moralism that Professor Ryn so eloquently exposes is not anything new. It was already evident a century and a half ago in what Robert Penn Warren called, in his book on the legacy of the Civil War, the Treasury of Virtue.

The great political pamphlets of the West that this work resembles (and I mean political pamphlet as a complimentary term) were addressed to the independent gentlemen of every community who were capable of thought and action. But who is to read and act upon this eloquence in a society of bureaucrats, proletarians, hedonists, and con artists calling themselves politicians? Yet I should not allow my pessimism to blight Professor Ryn's accomplishment. He has identified for us, as well as it can possibly be done, our malady and the course of treatment we must follow to survive. The rest is up to us.

Clyde Wilson is a professor of history at the University of South Carolina.

Different Women

by Katherine Dalton

Dorothy Thompson and Rose Wilder Lane, Forty Years of Friendship: Letters, 1921-1960
edited by William Holtz
Columbia: University of Missouri Press; 208 pp., $24.95

◆

In 1920, when Rose Wilder Lane met Dorothy Thompson, Lane was 33 and working in Paris, writing publicity stories for the American Red Cross. She had started out in California at the *San Francisco Bulletin*; written biographies of Herbert Hoover, Henry Ford, and Jack London; and she would go on to be one of the highest-paid magazine writers of her day and a best-selling novelist, as well as her mother's impetus to write the Laura Ingalls Wilder *Little House* series.

Dorothy Thompson, the 27-year-old daughter of a Methodist minister from western New York, had sailed for Europe earlier in that year with a companion, five hundred dollars, and little else. She, too, was writing publicity stories for the ARC, and since she had come abroad to be a foreign correspondent she was chafing under those constraints. Her first mention of Lane in her diary is characteristically sharp; she observes that at the ARC "Rose Wilder Lane [is] their chiefest writer with her sob stuff." Yet these two women had just begun a friendship that was to last, with greater and lesser intimacy, for the rest of their lives. Rose Lane—the pioneer novelist and individualist, opponent of FDR, and early supporter of Ayn Rand—the woman who in 1965 at the age of 78 went to Vietnam to cover the war for *Woman's Day*, is now largely forgotten. Dorothy Thompson, on the other hand, as the first woman to head a foreign news bureau, as the journalist Hitler had thrown out of Germany in 1934, as the *New York Herald Tribune*'s enormously popular thrice-weekly columnist, and as the second wife of Sinclair Lewis, is much better remembered.

Though when they met Lane was in a position to act as her mentor, Dorothy Thompson was a hard worker and a resourceful reporter who lost little time in establishing herself. Thompson had been in Europe only a little over a year when the Emperor Karl made his final bid for the Hungarian throne, and in October 1921 she, along with the rest of the European press corps, arrived in Budapest to cover the attempted coup. Finding that Karl and the Empress Zita were secluded at Tata, Thompson persuaded her employer and friend, Captain James Pedlow, Commissioner of the ARC in Hungary, to take her in, and she dressed as a nurse while he visited the couple and offered medical help to the eight-months-pregnant empress. As Pedlow talked to Karl, Thompson stood behind a velvet curtain, taking notes. With that interview she had an international scoop.

Both women being reporters and well traveled, their letters to each other cover international as well as personal matters. Between 1926 and 1928 Lane lived in Albania, a country she came to love, and commented often on Balkan politics. Thompson's special attention was for Austria and Germany, and there is much here as well on her relationship with Lewis, though (in her letters at least) she spared her friends the more painful details of life with an alcoholic. Her husband was not alone in his selfishness, however. When in 1930 Lewis was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature, Thompson had just had their first and only child, Michael. At the time of the announcement Rose Lane was in New York on a business trip; she was living in the Missouri Ozarks in order to take care of her parents and was working hard to arrange an independent income for them. Nevertheless, she agreed to delay her trip home in order to stay with five-month-old Michael and oversee the Lewises' large Westport household, thus freeing Thompson to travel to Stockholm and on to Germany and Austria, a trip that took three months. Such generosity was typical of Lane, while the acceptance of it was likewise typical of Thompson.

Dorothy Thompson had a great deal of charm, and whatever her failings as a mother, wife, or even journalist, she exhibited a serious interest in human nature as well as a humorous ambivalence toward her chosen life. Reminiscing about her early years as a suffragette, Thompson favorably quotes Lucy Price, the Phyllis Schlafly

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of her day, in an early letter to Lane (August 13, 1921): "Lucy said many things which in my maturer days I can applaud. One being that politics was not only no sphere for women but no sphere for anybody." For her part, Rose Lane is more relaxed and less didactic in her letters than in much of her published work. "I wish to God Rousseau had never been born!" she wrote in 1932. "The world has gone wrong ever since. There's been no room for the human being in it, since Humanity began taking up so much space."

Thompson shared some of her belief in the actual human animal, coupled with suspicion of man in his theoretical dimension. Both women were self-sufficient personalities and strongly opposed to the system of federally organized charity that would run roughshod over self-sufficiency. When Rose Lane was visited by a throng of journalists in an anti-New Deal flap, she took the lot of them down to the basement of her Connecticut farmhouse and showed them the hundreds of jars of chicken and vegetables she had put up. "Gentlemen," she remarked, "this is Social Security."

In a 1938 column Thompson made a similar point: "I wish to stand on what I consider to be my constitutional right to be insecure. It seems to me that all this solicitude for human rights ought to include the voluntary right to live dangerously, just for those who happen to like it that way." But Thompson was no isolationist, and her switch of support from Willkie to Roosevelt in the 1940 campaign (Roosevelt, like her, had been in favor of war long before the rest of the country) must certainly have been a disappointment to Lane.

Theirs was a friendship that had already been strained by the differences between their respective social circles, by Lane's increasingly private life and Thompson's commitment to overwork and to the company of her famous friends. Their differences in this respect today appear paradigmatic: Thompson chose to immerse herself in the great changes this country and the world went through starting in the 30's and 40's, while Lane chose to withdraw from them. Dorothy Thompson has several biographers, while Rose Lane was one of the many people who went against the grain of postwar America and has therefore been swallowed up by the intervening years.

Katherine Dalton writes from Louisville, Kentucky.

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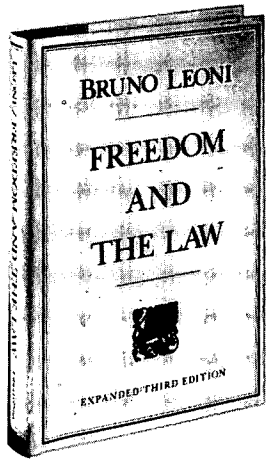

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Something Amis

by J.O. Tate

Memoirs
by Kingsley Amis
New York:
Summit Books;
346 pp., $25.00

◆

There is nothing else like the careening prose of Sir Kingsley Amis. Somehow his syntax, his diction, and his tone have a way of collapsing in sync, so that the reader is left lurching in an air pocket of laughter. I have long thought Amis to be the funniest writer in the English-speaking world, and he is

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that, off and on, in this latest of his productions. So the first thing to say is that if you're looking to be entertained, then Amis's *Memoirs* is quite a treat.

Now I've put it that way so that I will feel quite free—as a devoted fan of Kingsley Amis—to grumble about these same disappointing *Memoirs*. The book's a toot, but it's also lazy and evasive, a ragbag that doesn't cohere, containing as it does an uneasy mixture of sentimentality, meanness, philistinism, snobbery, complacency, and coarseness. Is it possible that this inchoate assembly might have some point or overriding idea, other than the ineffable superiority of the Amisian view? If so, it is not stated, though I think it might be intuited.

I believe I can isolate two themes either left undeveloped or else avoided by the author that hint at the structure of a real book—the one the author withheld. One of those items is intellectual, the other spiritual. The first is the story of a novelist and academic; the second is the tale of a man uneasily in search of love—a man who found sex and booze instead of soul. There simply isn't much here about the novelist. Instead there is this careful disclaimer: "Who would want to read about the time I had thinking up and writing one book and what I felt about its reviews, sales, translation into Catalan, or about how I spent my summer holidays in 1959?" The calibrated disingenuousness of this preemption shows just how thoughtfully its author has considered his avoidance of the curiosity of his public. And the humor of its expression characteristically beclouds the anxiety of the writer, who may be a bit worried that his readers might notice his contempt for their intelligence. After all, they have been put in the position of saying, "We're not interested in how a writer writes. We know writers don't care about their work or its reception, and we don't care either." And they will later see that they have also been put in the position of saying, "Tell us the dirty stuff. Tell us the naughty bits about dead people who can't answer back. Above all, no ideas please—just lots of drinking stories."

So there isn't much here about writing, though there is rather a great deal about the creative superiority of Kingsley Amis, who never "lost it" even though he seems to have processed as much alcohol as all those who did. There isn't much here either of the academic persuasion, and on this point I must say that though Amis taught for years, there is hardly a word in his *Memoirs* that would convince anyone of his academic background and experience. Two of the worst chapters are about his academic sojourns in the States, but these only go to show that he shouldn't have bothered. The author of *I Like It Here* should have stayed there, since he seems to have a blind spot where the U.S.A. is concerned. His notion of a nice bit of Americana seems oddly chosen, and is phrased with all the elegance with which he has graced this volume: "[A]ny one who walks up Fifth Avenue (say) on a sunny morning without feeling his spirits lift is an a--hole." Add to that his representation of Nashville and Vanderbilt—which emerge as something of a cross between a KKK gathering and an episode of *Hee Haw*—and we must conclude that Colonel Blimp is not much to be preferred to the Ugly American. Even a brilliant novelist is only a human being after all, and there is something about this country that turns Sir Kingsley into Fred Scuttle. In short, his reflections on the colonies and their culture are dumb and even (as on the battle of Nashville) nasty.

No, the literary and historical stuff isn't Amis's strong point, though I daresay it could have been if he had been interested. Instead there is a thread of inverted spirituality in these memoirs that hints at the book that didn't get written. The resentful portrait of Malcolm Muggeridge suggests to me a jealousy of Muggeridge's faith—a faith denied to and by an author who shows his fear of death in his last chapter. Amis's postmortem barbs cut both ways: ". . . he developed an amazing capacity for investing platitudes with an air of novelty and freshness: 'What we all have to realise,' he would say, screwing up his face in the familiar way that meant something important was coming, 'is that we live in an increasingly materialistic society.'" But Amis himself has not avoided similar platitudes, as for instance in his treatment of Elizabeth Taylor—the English novelist, I mean, not the American whatever.

Complacency and whiskey may make a fine breakfast, but they constitute a bad supper. Avoiding the important stories of his life—of his marriages, of his novels, of his political enlightenment, of his study and knowledge of English literature—Amis has devoted most of his energies to relating trivia about hangovers, hanky panky, booze hounds, and famous or not so famous dead people he has known. After the tittering has subsided, some readers may agree with me that the book leaves a bitter aftertaste—the sense of having been stiffed. But look again: for perhaps no one has been so shortchanged by Kingsley Amis as he has been by himself. The aggressive ego that peeps between the lines—that fires the male libido and the novelist's stamina, and that is cloaked in comic gestures—here has hidden itself in the novelist's disavowal, in the satirist's "modesty." The focus on others shrouds a twisted self-love; all the laughter muffles a scream in the dark. Though these memoirs are spirited and spirituous, they aren't spiritual. They weren't written in the right spirit.

J.O. Tate is a professor of English at Dowling College on Long Island.

The Craft of Flesh and Blood

by Gregory McNamee

The Middle of Nowhere
by Kent Nelson
Layton, Utah: Gibbs Smith;
208 pp., $18.95

Language in the Blood
by Kent Nelson
Layton, Utah: Gibbs Smith;
260 pp., $18.95

◆

The landscape of American fiction is a bleak and dreary place these days. It wends through the somber back lots and blue highways of rural America, tends toward the grimy streets of crumbling cities, populated by somewhat dim and desperate characters whose main goal seems to be making it to another day. Call it realism, call it world-weari-

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ness: the actors in our contemporary short stories and novels, bastard offspring of Raymond Carver's deconstruction of Chekhov, are as unthinking and uninteresting as the bulk of humankind.

From the days of *Don Quixote* until very recently, the fabulist's stock had been to place extraordinary characters in ordinary circumstances, or, even better, to place ordinary characters in situations that require ennobling — or at least unusual — actions. This charge has withered into the now-standard, tedious minimalism of writers like Richard Ford, the bleak nihilism of Bret Easton Ellis and the New York school of spoiled-rich-kid *artistes* who seem to dominate publishers' catalogs. Their art is a mirror reflecting life. But that life is shaped by television, illiteracy, junk food, and nothingness — hardly the stuff of a masterwork, or even of third-rate fiction.

If only because it restores something of the ordinary person's ability to rise to morally informed judgments in the face of adversity, Kent Nelson's work is to be commended. His fictions are also extremely well made, written by an artist in sure command of his craft. Nelson bucks the minimalist trend while appropriating some of its less noxious elements, and he creates a believable fictional landscape of characters one would not mind encountering in the checkout line or stranded on a roadside. They have something to say, and what they have to say matters.

Nelson's aptly titled, baker's-dozen collection of stories, *The Middle of Nowhere*, takes as its setting places that test one's mettle: the deserts of Arizona and northern Mexico, the unsettled highlands of Colorado, prisons, East Coast back alleys. The title story, among the strongest in a strong suite, centers on a young man's coming of age in that most American of locales, a garbage-strewn trailer park on the edge of a large Western city. Echoing Bernardo Bertolucci's luminous film *Last Tango in Paris*, Nelson's humble story searches out the aftereffects of loss, the grief of parting, and the addictions that so often accompany them.

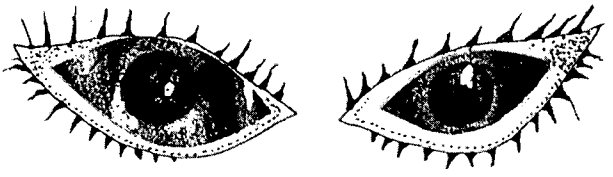
For all the brilliance of the desert sun, Nelson's story partakes of a bleak atmosphere and a hard vision of working-class realities. Yet his protagonists respond by refusing to accept quotidian defeats; his young narrator salvages meaning from life by marching steadfastly away from the slough of despond. "The Middle of Nowhere," like Nelson's other tales, is far from inspirational, but his characters, who are as real as the faces we meet daily, are suitably heroic in the mere act of taking responsibility for their lives.

Language in the Blood, Nelson's third novel, returns to the familiar setting of the desert Southwest. His narrator, Scott Talmadge, a young avian biologist drafted to take over an ailing professor's university courses, is a typical thirtysomething casualty of the Me Decade: nervous, uncertain, shy of emotional commitment and even emotion itself, certainly not to be relied on in a pinch. He avoids the old friends who shaped his past life in Nelson's fabulated Tucson until he begins to bore himself, one drunken evening after another; then he seeks out his elusive alter ego, a trust-fund hippie whose days are spent alternately patching a fortress-like adobe house and disappearing into remote corners of the desert, from which he returns with carloads of mysterious *indios* who have trudged northward from the killing fields of Salvador.

Our protagonist takes a few chapters to rise to the occasion, for he lacks the natural machismo of fictional characters past. Still, he is eventually drawn into the sanctuary network. In the course of aiding that very real underground railroad and of suffering yet more losses, Nelson's narrator attains a sort of natural nobility; by merely having acted, just once, to do something right, his deflated character reacquires a humanity that had abandoned him long before. It's a neat trick, and Nelson packs a good measure of suspense into Talmadge's growth. He tells it in moving tenor:

> Years later, when all these events come to mind, I see those faces first. The faces. Perhaps the police become inured to seeing suffering in the

LIBERAL ARTS



EUGENICS IN CHINA

With the aim of improving "population quality," China is currently sterilizing mentally retarded persons who wish to marry. The punishment for failure to observe the law, meaning an illegal pregnancy, is obligatory abortion. According to the *New York Times* last August, this eugenics law was first adopted by the Gansu Province in 1988, and has resulted in the sterilization of five thousand mentally retarded people. Five other provinces have followed suit. Prime Minister Li Peng favors such controls because "mentally retarded people give birth to idiots" and "they'll be detrimental to our aim of raising the quality of the people." A national eugenics law is currently being drafted, but criticism from the West and from the United States in particular has delayed this legislation. The laws as they exist in the provinces have few if any guidelines, except in the Gansu Province, where mental retardation is defined as an IQ of 49 or lower. Administration of the law is often left up to the discretion of rural doctors who typically have little more than a high school education. There are between five and twelve million Chinese who are mentally retarded.

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> human eye, or maybe in war, soldiers become accustomed to faces in pain. But not I. These were children's faces . . . filthy, hungry, bruised, scared, oil stained, burned. But alive.

As are Nelson's fictional creations, at a far remove from the unfeeling, unreflective, wraith-like ciphers who inhabit so much of American writing. His stories are an antidote to despair, a proper restoration of some of the worthier aims of storytelling. His voice is very welcome indeed.

Gregory McNamee is the author of the recently published collection of short stories Christ on the Mount of Olives *(Broken Moon Press).*

Theses and Antitheses

by Alan J. Levine

The Rhetoric of Reaction
by Albert O. Hirschman
Cambridge, Massachusetts: The Belknap Press; 197 pp., $25.00

◆

American liberals have long been troubled by a sinister force lurking in our society, namely conservatism. Albert O. Hirschman's motive in writing *The Rhetoric of Reaction* is to explain this phenomenon to his fellow liberals. He refrains from psychoanalyzing conservatism; instead, he argues that conservatives, regardless of personal quirks, are bound to certain forms of argument. Hirschman seeks to analyze those forms, not the contents of contemporary conservative argument. In doing so, he comes off as an old-fashioned liberal and seems to regard as one of the prime differences between right and left the latter's supposedly greater faith in humanity.

Following the lead of British sociologist T.H. Marshall, Hirschman suggests that citizenship in Western societies has developed in three stages. The first of these was the development of civil rights (*e.g.*, freedom of speech and of religion and equality before the law), which he associates with the Enlightenment and the French Revolution. The second was the development of full-scale political democracy and universal suffrage. Finally, the concept of rights was extended to include social and economic rights in the 20th-century welfare state, which, as far as American society is concerned, he identifies with the Great Society reforms. Each of these three stages of triumph elicited a bitter reaction aimed at undoing its progress, and in countering all three phases conservatives or reactionaries developed three brands of argument (Hirschman is awfully fond of triplets). First is the "perversity thesis," which he rightly deems the strongest weapon in the arsenal of the right, and which suggests that a proposed reform will actually hurt the group it is supposed to help. Burke's philippics against the French revolutionaries are a classic case, while Charles Murray's *Losing Ground* is the outstanding contemporary example of the perversity argument in the present day. The "futility thesis" argues that basic social laws will prevent a reform from succeeding or insure that it will actually aid some group that is already well off. The arguments of Mosca and Pareto that universal suffrage would actually strengthen the grip of the old upper classes in Italy and present-day suggestions that welfare-state measures really channel money to elements of the middle class are examples of the futility argument. Hirschman argues, not entirely convincingly, that the perversity and futility theses are contradictory.

Third, and perhaps least impressive, is the "jeopardy thesis," which holds that some present proposed reform will undermine some previous progressive achievement. Arguments against the extension of the suffrage in the 19th century on the ground that democracy would destroy liberty, and those made today against the welfare state on the ground that it will destroy democracy, are examples of the jeopardy thesis. To Hirschman, the fact that earlier charges of perversity, futility, and jeopardy were false (or seem so to him) suggests that the present-day "versions" are also false or at least wildly exaggerated—although one can occasionally glimpse, in this book, a hint of admiration for the sneaky right-wingers who conjure them up.

Some of Hirschman's arguments are simplifications, while others, being more complex, are difficult to follow. Nor is it quite clear that "perversity" and "futility" theses are mutually exclusive, as far as the modern welfare state is concerned. Hirschman argues that the perversity effect, so well described by Charles Murray, requires that transfer payments actually *reach* the poor to derange their vital decisions, while the futility effect asserts that they go somewhere else. I am not so sure, however, that these arguments are really contradictory in practice. No one would suggest that transfer payments are big enough to lift the poor into the middle class; after welfare, Harlem is still Harlem, not Rego Park, much less Park Avenue. The enormously expensive welfare machine does, in fact, divert much money into the hands of its middle-class administrators. Moreover—and here we find futility with a vengeance—it does not seem to reach the very worst off, as witness the people roaming the streets of our cities.

That the mere extension of bureaucratic authority is likely to erode both traditional civil rights and the effectiveness of democracy eludes Hirschman. In fairness, however, it should be stressed that he does not assail right-wing illusions only. There are, he notes, roughly parallel arguments on the left; although "progressives" like to suppose that liberty, democracy, and social reforms are neatly compatible, this is not, Hirschman admits, invariably the case. He also discusses the left's counterpart of the jeopardy thesis, the "imminent danger" argument—that reform is the sole way to avoid imminent disaster. That, of course, is sometimes true. The rueful contemplation of Chiang Kai-shek in exile on Taiwan, of his failure to institute land reform on the mainland, testifies to a fine example of "imminent danger" ignored. In fact, both "progressive" and "reactionary" theses have foundations in reality, although not necessarily to an equal extent. Hirschman insists that over the years the right has made many silly predictions concerning the inevitable results of liberal ideas. The chief problem is that the left has usually managed to live down to them.

Alan J. Levine is a freelance writer and author living in New York City.

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Letter From the Lower Right

by John Shelton Reed

Space Invaders: Part I

◆

As Americans continue their flight to the South from the regions that they've already ruined, I continue to monitor the low-intensity conflict between Yankee settlers and Southern natives. This public service is needed, I think, because we just don't know much about what's going on. Foundations and government agencies tended to see Southern migration to the north as a *problem*, so we have some studies of the north's Bedford-Stuyvesants and Little Harlems. But now that the migration is going the other way, nobody with grant money to give away seems to be worried about it.

Not that it isn't a problem. To begin with, it raises questions of etiquette. What do you say when someone tells you he comes from Boston? "I'm sorry"? In the 1850's Joseph Baldwin suggested that the polite response was to pretend that you'd never heard of Boston, but that probably won't work anymore. It's been in the papers a lot.

In some parts of the South, of course, the question no longer arises, because nearly everyone comes from Boston, or someplace like it. A Chapel Hill friend of mine was present when two of his new neighbors discovered they were both from New Jersey. "Oh, yeah?" one of them said. "Which exit?"

But when cultures do collide, some degree of misunderstanding is almost inevitable. There's a great scene in the movie *Sharky's Machine*. Burt Reynolds, an Atlanta vice cop, says to Vittorio Gassman, the white-slaver villain:

> I'm gonna pull the chain on you, pal, and you want to know why? Because you're [mess]ing up my city. Because you're walking all over people like you own 'em. And you want to know the worst part? Because you're from out-of-state.

At the very least, natives are going to grumble about folks who don't know grits from granola. I've been collecting clippings on this subject for some time, and I have enough now to draw a few conclusions.

For instance, it's clear that humor is one of the things that translates least well. A while back the *New York Times* interviewed a woman from the Bronx who was teaching at the University of Texas. She said: "Texans have no sense of humor. They can't tell when they're being kidded."

Funny thing: when I was in school in Boston, we Southerners used to say the same thing about Ivy Leaguers.

This can lead to misunderstanding. You know the National Public Radio program "Car Talk"? (Two genial brothers dispense automotive advice mixed with bad puns and insults? That one?)

The hosts are absolutely typical Boston-Italian wise guys (maybe smarter than a dozen others I've known, that's all), and they habitually practice what someone once called "participatory listening"—what we in the South call *interrupting*. Consequently, "Car Talk" usually sounds something like a two-man McLaughlin Group, which can be disconcerting if you don't understand how to keep score. South Carolina Public Radio once dropped the program because listeners found the chatter intolerably rude. (Later the program was picked up again: either South Carolinians are learning, or there are more Yankees in the Palmetto State than I thought.)

Those of us who are bilingual have an advantage here. One twenty-year veteran of doing business in North Carolina remembers telling the president of a New England company that he, the veteran, would be useful to them because he spoke both Yankee and Southern. He says: "They just laughed and brought down their own Yankee personnel man. He lasted less than a year; he didn't know the 'language' nor understand Southern ways."

In one of these letters I suggested that a great remaining regional difference has to do with how criticism is understood. It seems to me that when northerners criticize they do it forthrightly: they often mean no harm, and sometimes they're even trying to help. When Southerners criticize, we either do it very indirectly, or we *intend* to give offense.

One businessman from Ohio, now in Georgia, complained about this. He told *U.S. News and World Report*, "If [Southerners] think a guy is an SOB they'll apologize before they say it. I wish they'd call it like they see it." But, as someone said once, Southerners will be polite until they're angry enough to kill you.

This difference in manners can work to the disadvantage of northerners who come South. As Henry Steele Commager once observed, "The South is still, to some extent, a family affair; every criticism of the South is taken as personal." Commager was a Yankee who *did* understand: Southerners don't appreciate criticism, even if it's well-founded. But some newcomers don't see why they should stop complaining about things they don't like—and sometimes what they don't like is Southerners.

By far the most common observation about the South is that people are slower here. One of our students, from Boston, told the student newspaper about his first dealings with a Southern country storekeeper: "He talked too slow, I had to stop and slow myself down to understand him. He kept asking me, 'What's your hurry, son?'" Just so, the migrant wife of an IBM executive, a woman who has lived in Texas for ten years, told the *New York Times*: "They tell me I talk too fast, I walk too fast. They just want me to slow down, and I can't."

The Jackson *Clarion-Ledger* quoted a Princeton psychologist, originally from the Bronx, on his first months as a grad student at Duke: "I thought I had landed on a different planet. There's a tremendous difference in speed and

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tolerance for delay. For the first few months, I would want to help waitresses take my food to the table. I mean, I'd try to make people's lips move a little faster."

I know what he's talking about. I well remember when *I* was a graduate student, in the 1960's, waiting for take-out coffee at the 116th Street and Broadway Chock Full O' Nuts. The black waitress, obviously just off the bus from South Carolina, was probably moving about as fast as she'd ever moved in her life, but it wasn't fast enough for the growing line of customers, who began twitching and muttering with impatience. Finally, one woman stormed out of the place, announcing to the world at large, "I marched on Washington for These People, but I'll never do *that* again."

When I got to the head of the line, I shook my head and said, "Some folks are sure in a hurry."

The girl smiled gratefully. "Sure are."

Just two Southern kids in the big city. (By the way, you may have encountered that story before — my sister swiped it and used it in a novel — but it happened to me, and it's true.)

Anyway, getting back to the Yankee psychologist at Duke: this man now thinks Southerners may have the right idea about taking it easy. So does one of our students, from Pennsylvania. "It's not that rush-rush style like up North," she told the *Daily Tar Heel*. "Even my walk looks different when compared with Southern students. They just take their time to class and get there when they get there. Meanwhile, I'm running the four-minute mile." She envies her Southern friends. "It's the way life should be lived, to enjoy each moment."

A New Jersey woman, now in North Carolina, says much the same: "I can appreciate the slowness. It's no wonder more people drop dead from heart attacks up North." And a woman from Ohio, now a Georgia housewife: "You just don't see pushing and shoving here. I hope we don't lose that comfortable, friendly pace." Obviously, some migrants like what they see as the Southern way. That may even be why they came here.

But others find "that comfortable pace" harder to take. Another student, from Illinois, complained: "I'm a very active person and when I came down here almost all the people I came in contact with gave me the impression of being very lazy. They weren't enthusiastic about much of anything and it was very hard to get them excited."

And the *Wall Street Journal* quoted one Yankee businessman on doing business in the South: "You go out to visit these CEOs who talk very slow, very deliberate. 'Well, sir-r-r, we're ve-ry interested in long-term valuuuuue.' I want to say, 'Come on, guy, spit it out. Talk. I want to get home by next year.'"

Sometimes the speed of Southerners' speech leads northerners to too-quick conclusions about the speed of our mental processes. *Barbarians at the Gate*, the best-seller about the leveraged buyout of RJR Nabisco, tells about the culture clash between a new Yankee management team and the old tobacco town of Winston-Salem:

> The newcomers, Northerners almost to a man, stood out painfully at Reynolds. "It's not the end of the earth," they joked of Winston-Salem, "but you can see it from here." They mistook gentility for weakness, slowness of pace for lack of acumen, and Southern accents for dim-wittedness. "They would treat brilliant people as backwater rubes," recalled [one] ad executive.

You can always find a few migrants who are willing to share their conclusions. One man, more outspoken than most, wrote *The State*, of Columbia, South Carolina, "If it were not for us d--n Yankees, South Carolina would be 54th in the nation." And a visiting New York student won no friends in North Carolina when he volunteered to the *Tar Heel*, "You know the trouble with Southerners? They're stupid."

Enough war stories, though. The point is that the famous Southern "pace," admired and envied by some migrants, evokes annoyance or scorn in others. That's true of nearly all stereotypical regional differences: it's true of Southern conservatism, for instance, and even of Southern friendliness and politeness.

How can you dislike someone for being friendly and polite? You might well ask. I'll write about that next month.

John Shelton Reed teaches at the University of North Carolina, in Chapel Hill, and he doesn't mean to criticize. Parts of this letter are adapted from a Draughon Lecture given at Auburn University.

Letter From Cincinnati

by Janet Scott Barlow

Marge in Charge

◆

According to the early women's rights leader Elizabeth Cady Stanton, "Social science affirms that a woman's place in society marks the level of civilization." If that's so, the level of civilization here in Cincinnati is high indeed, since one of the city's most beloved and important institutions, the Cincinnati Reds, is owned and operated by Marge Schott, an unmistakable female. That's not to say, however, that our local social scientists, *i.e.*, Reds fans and sportswriters, find Marge's place in our society altogether "affirming," even after last year's wire-to-wire first-place dream season and sweep (*sweep!*) of the World Series.

To put it gently, Marge has her detractors. It has been reported that she's hard to work for, is tight with a buck, and knows too little for her own good about the game of baseball. Her personality has been described as both calculatedly eccentric and genuinely eccentric, but either way, it bugs some folks no end. A wealthy woman who lives on a palatial estate, Marge considers herself dressed up when she adds lipstick and a blazer (red, of course) to her usual outfit of slacks, polo shirt, and penny loafers. She sits in her box at Reds home games, smoking one cigarette after another, and the locals grumble that all that puffing is a bad example to the city's youth.

And then there's the stuff she *says*. She chagrined Cincinnatians something terrible when, before the start of last year's World Series, she publicly dedicated the event to our forces in the "Far East." The next day, trying to correct herself, she mentioned our

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troops in the "Middle West." Listening to Marge Schott talk is like opening a package you suspect might be a gag gift: the possibilities for surprise—and their resultant effects—are endless.

Worst of all, Marge has tried the patience of Reds fans everywhere by plopping a Reds cap on her adored (by her) dog, an unpersonable and lethargic St. Bernard named Schottzie, and proclaiming the pet the team's mascot. I've found that people around the country assume we Cincinnatians consider all this canine business charming. We do not. Here in Cincy, Schottzie is known far and wide as "that damn dog." (During a pregame presentation of World Series rings last spring, Schottzie too was awarded a "ring," prompting one fan, according to a local paper, to hang over the dugout and scream, "You're making fools of the Reds!" Well, tradition has its place, especially in Cincinnati, but I think that fan missed the point. The one being made a fool of was the dog.)

In sum, Marge Schott is unabashedly female—she dotes on her pets, mothers her players, and cries in public—and unquestionably emancipated. She meets her obligations, fulfills her responsibilities, and then does just about anything she pleases. When told by city officials on Opening Day in 1988 that the Budweiser Clydesdales would not be permitted as part of the pregame festivities in Riverfront Stadium—no horses on the new artificial turf—Marge responded, "They're coming. They can stay on the 45 percent of the turf that I paid for." She is at home enough in her gender to ignore it or acknowledge it as it suits her. Usually it suits her to ignore it. And when others make an issue of her gender—it happens all the time; the woman who owns and operates one of the most successful and profitable franchises in Major League Baseball is regularly patronized in print by sportswriters who've never operated anything more complex than a vending machine—she frustrates them by disregarding them. In the game of attitudinal sexism, Marge appears to believe that the best offense is no defense. It takes two to tango, and she's too busy—too busy doing something many men think they could do better and some would give their right arm to try—to dance.

And if she is oblivious to sexist sportswriters, Marge is downright blind to dismayed feminists, who cringe every time she says something goofy or gets openly emotional. A woman of high accomplishment who is immune to the political implications of her female persona, Marge is both irritating and irrelevant to feminists. A successful woman with an implacable personality, she is also chronically annoying to sexists. Maybe the feminists and the sexists should hold a get-together to explore their shared feelings.

On the other hand—and at the risk of sounding like Barbara Walters when she whines, "In a man they call it aggressiveness; in a woman they call it bitchiness"—if Marge Schott were a man, her actions, while still being criticized (it is the inalienable right of sports fans to criticize), would be considered charismatic rather than predictable, inspired rather than lucky. But maybe the fact that Marge's "dizzy broad" image bothers me—and, I assume, Barbara Walters—a lot more than it bothers Marge just proves that she's way ahead of some of the rest of us.

Anyway, there is always more than one way to view her behavior. If she pinches pennies, it's because she sees no defense for corporate waste. If she throws her weight around, she comes by the right honestly, having put out $13 million for majority ownership of the Reds. If she is unversed in the fine points of the game of baseball, so what? Is Laurence Tisch expected to know how to anchor the news? If she rubs dog hair on the chest of Reds manager Lou Piniella in a ridiculous pregame good-luck ritual, isn't Piniella a big boy who could say, "Oh, Marge, let's not" if he chose to? And in between all those cigarettes she smokes down at Riverfront, doesn't she talk patiently and enthusiastically to the countless kids who line up to meet her?

Marge Schott is a woman operating in two of the most male-dominated environments in the country—business and sports. Just as significant, she is 63 years old and belongs to an age group referred to by professional feminists, in that awful combination of condescension and pity they save for lost female souls, as "women of our mother's generation," as if their greatest embarrassment is having mothers who did not reject their own lives.

Well, Marge is, as more than one Cincinnatian has pointed out, invulnerable to certain forms of embarrassment. She is a woman, a corporate executive, a community leader, and a product of her time and place—and all of it contributes to her public personality, which is exasperating, entertaining, energetic, and interesting, a personality that has added immeasurably to the life of an entire city. As for her accomplishments, I consider them constructive, instructive, and enlightening, at least from the distance of one who doesn't know her personally, a distance that allows me and thousands of others to call her by her first name. As a resident of Cincinnati, I love the Reds, and yes, I'm tired of that damn dog. But in the final analysis, I think Marge is an inspiration.

Janet Scott Barlow covers popular culture from Cincinnati, where, on August 7, after a brief and sudden illness, Schottzie the St. Bernard died and was buried, "proudly wearing her Reds cap."

Letter From Germany

by Jacob Neusner

Academic Apathy Beyond the Rhine

◆

We're not supposed to like Germans or Germany, but I do—a lot. I found out just how much when, coming back to Frankfurt after a week of lecturing in Madrid, I found myself glad to be "home," and happy to babble away in my pitiful German, after a week of misery in my primitive Spanish. I had missed everything about Frankfurt: the green, the gardens and trees, the parks, the outdoor pool near my university office, the helpful people in the streets and stores, and above all, the German good cheer; Madrid is dour.

So what about the holocaust, and how can I, a faithful Jew, genuinely like Germany and the Germans I've been meeting? Well, for one thing, the holo-

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caust is long ago. My students are the third generation past the war; their grandparents remember, their parents don't. For another, Germany has utterly rejected anti-Semitism. The only signs of anti-Semitism these days are on the toilet walls at the university, and even here, other anonymous voices cover "*Juden raus*" with "*Nazi raus*."

That does not mean Jews love Germans, or Germans, Jews. High walls of discomfort keep Jewish-Germans away from other Germans and vice versa. But could a holocaust happen again here? Yes—but not to Jews. Germans make good students, the kind that get strong B's: they learn their lessons well, but they don't then draw conclusions from them in order to deal with other cases, other problems. The Germans have learned the lesson of the National Socialist period: leave the Jews alone. But they have drawn no conclusions, such as that racism ruins society. The Germans I meet perceive the world through a bitter, racist perspective: white versus anything other than white, Christian versus everybody else.

A colleague, strongly pro-Jewish, complained to me that 25 percent of the population of Frankfurt is not German. What he means is, not of native parentage, or if born here, then not light-skinned. The large minority here is dark-skinned, from Turkey in the main, but also Italy, Portugal, Spain, and points south. The Turks have been Germans for more than a generation, and Turkish youngsters speaking excellent German to German-speaking parents are everywhere in the parks and at the zoo. But to the German-Germans, they're not Germans. Why not? Because the Germans who derive from long-established families have a conception of what a native German is. "Germanness" accommodates German-speaking families from the Volga or Romania or Poland, who have not set foot in Germany for four hundred years, but it makes no room for Turks.

Yet Germany must draw conclusions from its calamitous history, because in the coming years it will find it necessary to teach an entire new population what it means to be German: the five new states, formerly the German Democratic Republic. People now define "the eastern problem" in economic terms. To unite Germany, the Federal Republic took over an utterly bankrupt country, ransoming its population from the Soviets, who had held it captive. The East Germans celebrated, but it now appears somewhat prematurely. With unemployment heading upward toward 10 percent of the population, the goods and services the western part of the country enjoys appear out of reach. Just what unification means is no longer clear.

But the economic problems will sort themselves out. When they do, what will the 15 states of West Germany have to teach the East about the Germany they should rejoin? The "Ossies" have been out of touch with the "Wessies" for a whole generation. They formed their own sense of Germanness, their own definition of the public interest and the common good. And whatever makes them German and forms their cultural consensus, discredited and abandoned as it was when the wall was torn down, has now to be replaced. But if anyone in the western part of the country can tell the East what it means to be German, and of what Germanness consists, the message has yet to circulate. So Easterners, demoralized and disappointed, state without embarrassment the old anti-Semitism, which is out of style, along with a new racism directed toward Turks and other dark-skinned people, which these days is very in vogue.

Another conclusion not broadly reached hereabouts is that the National Socialists ruined the universities. But they did. German universities exhibit little vitality or academic ambition. At Brown University, where I taught for 22 years, I watched an excellent national university reduced to a trivial and mediocre college by the uncomprehending idiots who ran the place. But nothing I saw at Brown at its most pathetic, lazy, and mediocre prepared me for what I found here: a vacuum, a desert, a wilderness; no community, no vitality, no intellectual life. If some professors hereabouts pursue ideas, ask urgent questions, engage in sustained debate, I have not met them or heard of them; if students do so, the evidence is not easy to muster. There is no student newspaper here where I am teaching, and little student expression of any kind; extracurricular lectures are episodic and scarcely define great events on the campus.

The students in my seminar and public lecture, dear and lovely young Germans, have been coming around, though, and when they express their ideas they turn out to have interesting things to say. But it took a stubborn American, me, to ask a question—even one of (mere) opinion—and then insist they answer it. One of them even got up the courage to call me "Jack," as in "Why did you decide to come here, Jack?" I took that as a warm compliment. But I had worked for that trust—hard.

A German university must be the most inhospitable place in the world. True, everyone is friendly enough, and happy to correct your German, thank you. But after two months as a visiting professor, I have yet to be invited into a German home. My sense is that people are just not interested in outsiders, any more than they want to hear things they haven't heard before. (Concerts in Frankfurt consist of Mozart and Beethoven, except when the program is Mozart and Vivaldi.) What you find are indications of a great tradition done in. The professors come to class, teach around four hours a week, and after scarcely doing more than greeting their *Herr Kollege*, return home. They do not eat together, do not talk together, do not argue with one another, but keep themselves busy by publishing articles that go over this and that, merely collecting and arranging the results of other peoples' anguish and insight. And why should things be better, when we remember that the National Socialists got rid of the talent as well as the entrenched mediocrity? With the great tradition ruined, where were the universities to turn for models of excellence? For our part, we never conceived a Marshall Plan of ideas, a rebuilding of the ruined intellectual life of a great country. It is no wonder, then, that 46 years after the end of World War II, Germans find themselves rehearsing discredited ideas and confronting an intellectual deficit.

A graduate research professor of religious studies at the University of South Florida, Tampa, Jacob Neusner spent the summer semester of 1991 as Martin Buber Visiting Professor of Judaic Studies at the Johann Wolfgang Goethe University in Frankfurt.

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Anna Mycek-Wodecki

The Veterans of Future Wars

by E. Christian Kopff

It was 1936 and the Depression still held America in its grip. Few doubted that a new European war was coming, and Japan and China had been fighting in the East for years. Most Americans were opposed to participating in another futile European war. The President had begun his successful campaign for the White House in 1932 with a blistering attack on interventionism and had not budged publicly. He had, however, been James Cox's running mate in 1920 and Woodrow Wilson's assistant secretary of the navy, and many felt that his conversion to isolationism was a cynical maneuver designed to win the support of William Randolph Hearst. Just before taking the oath of office he had met with Henry L. Stimson, dean of American interventionists, in a secret meeting to which none of his closest advisers had been invited. In 1933 Charles Austin Beard, America's most prestigious historian, had predicted that America would fight another world war unless it changed its aggressive foreign policy moralism. In October 1937, having won reelection, Roosevelt then delivered his famous Quarantine Speech, which signaled his return to interventionism.

Into this somber atmosphere burst Lewis J. Gorin Jr. and his classmates of Princeton's class of 1936 to announce the formation of a new patriotic organization, the Veterans of Future Wars. Their platform was simple, but after nearly two generations we may need some reminding of the background. Few doubted that our political class would succeed in frustrating the will of the majority of Americans and involve the United States in a bloody and destructive war. The previous war had made the world safe for democracy by laying the foundations for fascism, National Socialism, and communism. Who could predict what fruits the next war would bear? One thing, however, was certain. After the fighting was over, veterans would demand pensions and bonuses from the United States government.

Gorin described the situation memorably. "Back in the 1920's it was a sore point with our veterans of the World War that this government had only given a discharge fee of sixty dollars to its soldiers whereas Canada, England, and other countries had given perhaps twice as much. It was quickly developing into a point of national honor when Congress finally decided to give our soldiers compensation of one dollar a day for service, plus twenty-five cents for foreign service. Only about half of our four million veterans rated this foreign service, although the war was fought in France. This put foreign countries to shame for we were now paying our soldiers about four times as much as they paid theirs, and of course the English and French and Canadians had all been fighting about four times as long. . . . It was the misfortune of most of those French and British troops that they actually saw fighting."

Even so, the expense was more than anticipated. New York accountant Herbert Hess had told Congress in 1924 to expect to pay four billion dollars for bonuses. "But Mr. Hess," noted Gorin, "though his figures from a mathematical standpoint were accurate, erred when it came to diagnosing the political future. For one thing Mr. Hess underestimated the number of veterans involved by almost a hundred thousand. This hundred thousand were perhaps members of the 'Lost Generation' but they turned up in time to lay claim to a bonus." In addition, the bonus was paid for with borrowed money, on which interest had to be paid. How differently we do things nowadays!

The proposal of the future veterans was simplicity itself. We were going to get into a war, and after the war Congress was going to pay a handsome bonus to the survivors, both those who fought and those who typed and telephoned. Why not pay the future veterans the bonus now, when they were still alive to enjoy it? The money would be raised by bonds to be paid off in 1965. Young men of fighting age would receive one thousand dollars. They would probably spend the money as young men are wont to spend windfalls. When the war came those who fought and died or were maimed would have tasted their country's gratitude in a more personal form than a marble monument. Those who had survived typing pools or standing guard over Italian POWs on Staten Island or in Pueblo, Colorado, could look forward to spending the years of peace working to pay off the bonds. Such a fate might even encourage some to volunteer to fight.

No sexist organization, the Veterans of Future Wars made provision for a Ladies Auxiliary (initially called the Gold Star Mothers of Veterans of Future Wars). Part of the bond would be used to send nubile American women

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to Europe to visit the future battlefields and cemeteries of their putative husbands. In addition, women of childbearing age would receive a pension of fifty dollars a month until the war came. The pension would continue for those who lost their husbands, with a double pension for those whose spouses were disabled. A woman who did not lose her husband would spend the years after the war working to pay off the debt incurred by the pre- and postwar pensions. No great debt would accrue. "The war will probably be upon us in a year or so and then we shall be in a position to start retiring the debt created by paying the pensions now," said Gorin.

There were many details to work out. "Although our uniforms have not yet been chosen, we do have a hand salute which developed out of the obsolete fascist salute devised by Mussolini. The only change we make is that one's arm must be held parallel to the ground and that the palm be turned upward receptively." The future veterans' highest award was the Croix de Guerre with Palm (outstretched). They had a short way with dissenters. "We suggest that all veterans of future wars who are conscientious objectors to a bonus be incarcerated in concentration camps for the duration of the peace. There is really no other way to dispose of them."

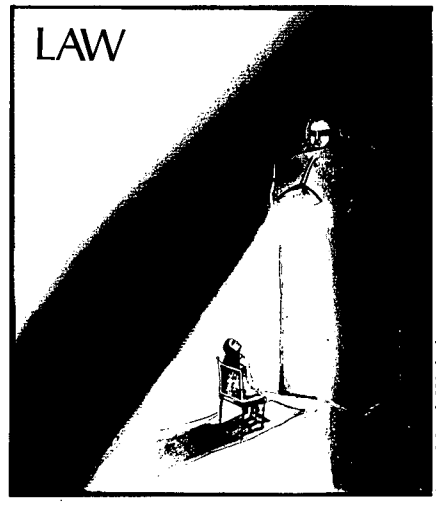
The idea caught on like wildfire. Before March was over there were nearly five hundred chapters on various campuses with almost six thousand paid members. The numbers continued to grow. "In this connection," Gorin commented, "Mr. Hanford MacNider, at that time National Commander of the American Legion, remarked: 'It is an interesting fact, and one that I think you [a House committee on bonuses] will be glad to hear, that 10 years after the Civil War the Grand Army of the Republic had only 20,000 members. Three years after the [Great] war we have over 1,000,000.' According to this reasoning think what a stir it will create in Congress when we go before a committee and announce that *some years before the war* we already count a membership of about five million."

Gorin's best-selling manifesto, *Patriotism Prepaid,* attracted favorable reviews from the *New York Times* and *Herald Tribune,* the *Saturday Review* and the *Christian Science Monitor.* Stories about the future veterans take up nearly a full column in the *New York Times* index for 1936. National Commander Van Zandt of the other VFW, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, denounced his rivals for congressional largess and was challenged to a radio debate by Gorin. Van Zandt at first accepted and then, no doubt wisely, backed down. Congressman Fuller of Alabama announced that the future veterans "were unworthy of public notice and should be attacked by every true American." In distant 1936, Congressmen guilty of perpetrating non sequiturs were mocked. The FBI investigated to see if the future veterans were a subversive organization. One G-man asked my father, Frederick Louis Kopff Jr., Princeton '36, whether he saw a contradiction in his belonging to the Princeton ROTC and the Veterans of Future Wars. "No" was the answer. "My membership in both organizations is linked by an Aristotelian logic." Gorin indignantly denied that the future veterans were lackeys of either Moscow or Wall Street. "Fortunately we are neither, merely members of a Great Patriotic Organization whose primary purpose, as with all Great Patriotic Organizations, is to collect a bonus from the government."

By this time you are thinking to yourself, hold on a minute here. If the Veterans of Future Wars even existed, let alone was a major news story in 1936, how come I never heard of it? History is written by victors. The battle to keep America a republic and from becoming an empire was lost. These victors are no Homers, to glorify the Hectors who fought on the other side. They even deny there was a battle. You do not know who John Hay and Henry Stimson were. You think William Jennings Bryan spent his life fighting evolution and Charles Austin Beard wrote one obsolete book on the Constitution. You do not know that they fought their bravest battles against imperialism and for our republic, for the same reason you cannot read the lost history of Cremutius Cordus, whom Tiberius drove to suicide for calling Brutus and Cassius "the last of the Romans."

Imagine, then, not as history, but as fiction, the day in March 1936 when the *New York Times* printed a report of a new national organization formed by Princeton University students to deride "the fallacies of Democracy," which is what the *Times* article reported. No, you cannot even imagine it, because you have never experienced such a country, where men and women, young and old, could talk in jest and in earnest, but freely. Our fathers, however, knew of such a country. What is more, they lived in it. They were the last of the Romans. Like Tacitus and Juvenal, looking back at their republic from an empire, we often feel anger, *saeva indignatio.* If we can sometime smile when we look back at our fathers' battles, then we owe something to Lewis Gorin, the Princeton class of '36, and the Veterans of Future Wars.

E. Christian Kopff teaches Greek and Latin at the University of Colorado in Boulder.



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

The Link Line

by John B. Thompson

The Art of Indoctrination

The University of Wisconsin's main campus in Madison has relished, at least since the anti-war movement of the 1960's, its image as one of the most radical and leftist colleges in America. In order to cement that status well into the next century, the university is now selling and nationally distributing a package of "Health-Line" audio cassettes "addressing concerns of the body, emotions and intellect." Warning: these

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tapes are *definitely* hazardous to your health.

One of the purchasers of the Health-Line series is Switchboard of Miami, Inc., which describes itself as "a private, non-profit, multi-service agency" serving South Florida "since 1968" by offering "a 24-hour telephone crisis counseling, suicide prevention, information and referral hotline, as well as counseling and prevention programs." The centerpiece of this switchboard "counseling" is the University of Wisconsin-Madison tapes, purchased in January 1990 for $1,800 by money donated by the Dade County United Way; the program was renamed "Link Line." The Dade County school system, the nation's fourth largest, has officially approved the Health-Line tapes and encouraged, through posters and information cards, its teen and preteen students to call Link Line for "healthy" views on sex, drugs, and other subjects of keen interest. The local ABC television affiliate, WPLG, is promoting Link Line, as is Bell-South in its telephone books.

Switchboard of Miami proudly crows that nearly a half million free-of-charge phone calls have already been placed to Link Line tapes. The Dade County School System has placed speaker phones right in the classrooms and, under teacher supervision, incorporated the tapes directly into the sex education and drug education curricula. The Florida Department of Health and Rehabilitative Services even contributes taxpayer dollars to fund Link Line's operating costs.

George McKinney, associate executive director of Switchboard of Miami, is so impressed with what his United Way- and state-funded agency has accomplished that he recently journeyed to a national gathering called the "Alliance of Information Referral Systems" to promote Link Line as a model for schools and counseling service organizations around the country. As a result of this sales pitch, Ann Whitaker, R.N., program manager of Health-Line at the University of Wisconsin-Madison, reports that her office has been deluged with orders from around the country for the Link Line tape package.

Leaving aside for a moment the moral worthiness of the tapes, the problem with promoting and playing Link Line in the schools is that the messages thereon just happen to violate state and federal laws. For example, the tape on "Alcohol & Other Drugs" is "value-neutral" about illegal drug use. Neutrality on this subject violates United States Public Law 101-226, passed by Congress and signed into law by President Bush in 1989. Called the "Drug Free Schools Law," any public school system that receives federal funds may lose *all* of those federal funds if its drug education curriculum does not teach that drug use is illegal, harmful, and wrong. Contrast that federal statutory requirement with the Link Line claim that the legality of marijuana use "still remains to be answered." The tape on "Alcohol & Other Drugs" tells teens simply not to mix alcohol with other drugs. No message that buying alcohol under the age of 21 is illegal in every state in the Union. Teens can't legally drink, period, but they won't hear that on Link Line. The tape on "crack" sounds like a cross between a Head Shop manual on how to consume the stuff safely and a physician's tome on the pharmaceutical effects of doing so. No urging not to use cocaine is anywhere to be found.

The Dade School Board, Switchboard of Miami, United Way, and University of Wisconsin-Madison all ignored eight months of parent complaints about these tapes and a passionate plea to stop using the tapes from Edward McCarthy, Archbishop of Miami, the spiritual leader to 40 percent of Dade's residents. Only when I, acting as legal counsel for a group of concerned Dade County parents, wrote the U.S. Department of Education (with a copy of the letter going to the school board) complaining about the drug tapes did the tape on marijuana get pulled. The school board, however, has refused to pull any of the other drug tapes while it reviews them for content and—please note—submits any revisions to the University of Wisconsin-Madison for *its* final approval. In light of the non-response of the Dade school system, of Florida Governor Chiles, and of Florida Health and Rehabilitative Services Secretary Robert Williams, the United States Department of Education last July 17 issued a letter to the Florida Department of Education asking for an explanation.

In addition to tapes on "Health & Abuse," "Sexuality," and "Birth Control & Pregnancy," there is even one on masturbation. By simply dialing toll-free and punching up tape #313 our children can learn that masturbation is perfectly healthy, normal, and natural, and that the only thing you have to do is stop feeling "guilty" about doing it. In fact, punch up any of the tapes that deal with teenage sex, and you will hear that such activity is fine as long as the partners are careful and know the risks. Parents and religion are portrayed as enemies and the source of sexual "myths."

Again, as with the messages on drugs, these tapes violate the law, specifically Florida Statutes 233.067 and 233.0672, which mandate:

> . . . the schools are uniquely situated to effectively promote the establishment of sound health habits among our youth, including prevention of substance abuse and an awareness of the benefits of sexual abstinence and the consequences of teenage pregnancy. . . . Each district schoolboard . . . shall . . . teach abstinence from sexual activity outside of marriage as the expected standard for all school-age children while teaching the benefits of monogamous heterosexual marriage . . . emphasize that abstinence from sexual activity is a certain way to avoid out-of-wedlock pregnancy, sexually transmitted diseases, including acquired immune deficiency syndrome . . . teach that each student has the power to control personal behavior. . . . Curriculum frameworks for AIDS education shall not interfere with the local determination of appropriate curriculum which reflects local values and concerns.

The above is the law in Florida. Consider now the following excerpt from the tape on homosexuality:

> Whatever you heard about

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homosexuality, chances are it wasn't very accurate. There's so much misunderstanding about this minority group. Yes, that's what it is—a non-ethnic, non-racial minority group.

Maybe you hear other kids using words like queer, faggot, or dyke. Or perhaps you're afraid of your own sexual feelings. If these issues are troubling you, we're glad you called. . . .

For some members of the human race, the pull towards their own sex is just as strong as the majority of humans are pulled towards the opposite sex. Many teenagers have same-sex experiences while they are exploring who they are sexually, but that doesn't necessarily mean they're homosexuals. . . .

You may be feeling very alone right now, as you search for your true sexual identity. You may be wondering if other people can tell, or may be frightened by what you are feeling or experiencing. But remember: There are other kids who are feeling just like you do.

If you'd like more information, there are excellent resources to learn more about homosexuality. The National Gay/Lesbian Crisis Line at . . . can get you in touch with resources in your area. That number again is. . . . Thank you.

On June 10, 1991, I called Ms. Ann Whitaker and had a news reporter listening on the line. Characterizing myself as one sympathetic to the homosexual agenda, I encouraged Ms. Whitaker to "open up." And gush forth she did, admitting that "a group of progressive Quakers from the Madison area wrote the tape on homosexuality, and of all the tapes, we are proudest of that one, because we worked so hard on it."

Nurse Whitaker said that the purpose of that tape "is to tell kids they should experiment with homosexual acts in order to discover their true sexual identities. We don't come across with any value judgments here about that sort of thing. We leave it up to the kids." When I told her that I thought such open-mindedness was particularly important in light of societal attitudes toward homosexuality, Ms. Whitaker stated: "What we do, when we put a tape package into place in a local community, is first we put the non-controversial tapes into place, and then when the vocal minority—the fundamentalists—are not watching, we slip the controversial tapes, like the one on homosexuality, into place."

One wonders if anyone anywhere has ever revealed more fully the deception and hidden agenda of the radical gay lobby whose new epicenter is Madison. And note how tragically ironic it is that a "suicide prevention counseling service"—as the Switchboard of Miami markets itself and Link Line—sings the praises of teenaged homosexuality. As the University of Minnesota reported last May 30 in its joint study with the University of Washington, 30 percent of gay or bisexual teenaged males attempt suicide. Teenaged male homosexuality increases suicide in "an alarming proportion," the study concluded.

Dennis Byrne, member of the editorial board of the *Chicago Sun-Times*, recently wrote of the ACLU's litigative assault upon the school system of East Troy, Wisconsin, which has dared to opt for an abstinence-based sex educational curriculum called "Sex Respect," such as is mandated by ignored Florida law. Not surprisingly—but definitely revealingly—the ACLU has hired its own sex experts; these are, in the words of Byrne, "two University of Wisconsin-Madison profs who criticize the curriculum for everything from its supposed lack of balance (insensitivity to the concerns of buddy gay kids) to its 'linguistic bias' as demonstrated by the test's 'consistent use of generic "he" and sex-biased words' (something, it strikes me, as pretty hard to avoid in a sex manual)." The *Wall Street Journal* on June 13, 1991, editorialized against the ACLU on this matter unmindful that the University of Wisconsin-Madison is literally selling this pro-promiscuity, pro-homosexuality not just in East Troy but around the nation.

A group of concerned citizens in Dade County, Florida, has seen (and heard) enough. After being ignored by the state, by local school officials, and by the local and national United Way, parents formed an *ad hoc* group called "Parents Opposing Propaganda in Schools" (POPS). On July 15, 1991, POPS announced to a huge gathering of local print and electronic media a countywide boycott of United Way of Dade County, which bought the tapes, which funds Switchboard of Miami, and which refuses, after its board addressed the question, to do anything about this illegal sex and drug curricula. The idea of the boycott was to hit United Way with a public relations nightmare in the midst of their annual plea for donations.

It is fascinating to note that the chairman of the board of Dade's United Way, Tony Burns, who also happens to be chairman, CEO, and president of the Ryder truck company, told me face-to-face, in a meeting on July 2, that "I am personally appalled at the contents of the tapes." However, Mr. Burns' disgust is not matched by his persuasiveness, for on the next day he was told by his United Way board that it would do nothing to distance itself from the Link Line tapes it paid for.

By the time this article is published, a Dade County rally will have been held to further recruit from the community parents and others who are unwilling to have their United Way charitable donations and their taxpayer dollars go to a deceptive, illegal, perverted assault upon their children. A lawsuit against the State of Florida, the State of Wisconsin, United Way, Switchboard of Miami, and the Dade County School Board seems inevitable unless the illegal activity stops. I contacted the governor of Wisconsin's office last summer, after which the governor's chief-of-staff wrote to the University of Wisconsin-Madison's vice chancellor of health sciences, saying: "Senior staff in our office have reviewed transcripts of the tapes in question, and we are concerned about the content of some of the tapes. We request that you review the content of the tapes and advise of what changes you believe are appropriate."

One final point: Link Line is not a local aberration. It is the latest creature of an organization called the Committee for Economic Development, headquartered on Madison Avenue. The CED has, by its own admission, an "interlocking board" with the Council on Foreign Relations. Both the CED

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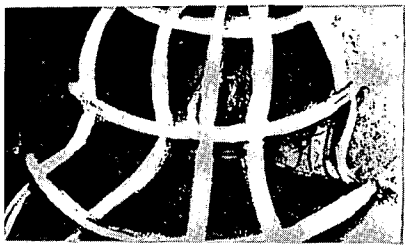
and CFR are funded by the Rockefeller Foundation. Consider: the CED's vice chairman of the board of trustees is CFR member John L. Clendenin, chairman of the board and CEO of BellSouth Corporation. BellSouth advertises Link Line free of charge in its phone books and refuses to pull the ads. An official "advisor" to the CED is William Aramony, National Chairman of United Way of America. Vice chairman of the CED's Research and Policy Committee is none other than Donna E. Shalala, radical feminist chancellor of the University of Wisconsin-Madison, source of Link Line.

The CED's manual, entitled *Unfinished Agenda*, states that "profound changes in family structure and stability coupled with the necessity for educating all children are forcing society to assume greater responsibility for the successful development and education of children. As a first step, every community should conduct a formal assessment of how it is addressing the needs of children, paying particular attention to the barriers that prevent change." In other words, "society" is being "forced" to impose its values and its agenda on children, and the family and the church are the "barriers" to such "change." United Way is ceaselessly praised in *Unfinished Agenda* as a primary vehicle for accomplishing this goal.



I spent much of 1990 leading the successful national fight against 2 Live Crew's obscene album *As Nasty As They Wanna Be*. Success was secured not because of lawyering skill, but because the truth is relentless in exposing and conquering evil. All who value the safety and health of children would do well to ascertain if the University of Wisconsin-Madison's assault upon your local community has yet begun. And a complaint to United Way wouldn't hurt.

John B. Thompson is an attorney in Coral Gables, Florida.

'Rights' and the Constitution

by Jeffrey Hart

On September 25, 1789, Congress submitted to the states for ratification ten amendments to the 1787 Constitution, known as the Bill of Rights. Seldom is there much serious reflection on the issues involved in a "Bill of Rights," but there was a great deal in 1787-1789. Those Americans were highly informed political thinkers, versed in the entire Western tradition. The author most frequently cited in the federalist-antifederalist debates was Livy, the historian of the Roman Republic; and they knew their Locke and Montesquieu.

To dig right into the major question: does a "Bill of Rights" violate the theory that is at the core of the 1787 Constitution? You will note that the famous Preamble mentions no rights at all in defining the goals of the new government. The goals set forth are specific and severely practical. If the question arises, as surely it would, of how to choose between the goals of "justice" and "domestic tranquillity," the Constitution answers with the deliberative mechanism of government it then proceeds to set up. In other words, the "deliberate sense of the people"—what this mechanism is sometimes called—operates to make the decision. It operates through Congress, the President, and the courts. Under the 1787 Constitution, the "deliberate sense of the people" is absolute, and in its due operation brooks no opposition. Indeed, the Constitution itself permits amendment in any direction the "deliberate sense" might will. Of course, the process is so complex that the Constitution resists it tooth and nail.

But is a "Bill of Rights" contradictory to a "deliberate sense" theory of government? Many at the time thought it was, and if the "Bill" had been a French theory of rights they would have been correct. The "universal rights of man" would necessarily take precedence over any "deliberate sense" mechanism.

James Madison of Virginia, perhaps our profoundest political theorist, said in effect, "Don't worry." The ten amendments of the Bill of Rights consist only of specific common-law and customary traditions dating to the British revolution of 1688. They can be traced to Blackstone and beyond: a "well regulated militia," no quartering of soldiers, trial by jury, no excessive bail. The now famous First Amendment, in fact, was a blow on behalf of the states, and limited the power of the central government: "Congress shall make no law. . . ."

James Madison was correct in his own time, and the ten amendments were quickly ratified. But was he right in the long run?

The Fourteenth Amendment turned the First Amendment upside down, by applying it not only to Congress but to the state legislatures. Madison must have spun in his grave. In its original formulation, the First Amendment meant that Congress could not pass a law limiting, for example, flag burning. Under the Fourteenth Amendment, this is denied to the states. So, whereas in its original Madisonian conception, the First Amendment was meant as a check upon *federal* power, it has metamorphosed under the Fourteenth, ratified in 1868, into a French-like "universal right" to virtually unlimited individual freedom. Go-go dancing and flag burning therefore become "constitutional rights."

It is also true that when Madison wrote "speech" into the First Amendment he meant *speech*. He surely did not have in mind the idea that walking down the boulevard naked could be called "symbolic speech." The profound constitutional scholar Walter Berns has argued that Madison had in mind "political argument," and was so understood by those who voted for the amendment. He did not wish to legalize any calumny, and libel laws, for example, have not been held unconstitutional, though Justice Hugo Black did and Alan Dershowitz does think the Constitution mandates this.

On the vexed abortion question, *Roe* v. *Wade* represents an usurpation on the part of the federal judiciary, the Court overturning at a stroke the varied opinions of fifty legislatures. Justice Harry Blackmun, writing for the majority, discovered in the Constitution a "right" to "privacy" nowhere mentioned in it, but discernible to him in "penumbras." Madison would have laughed out loud.

As against my argument here that "rights" are alien to the theory of the

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Constitution, a complicated argument could be mounted. It could be argued that the Constitution of 1787 was not born *de novo*, but existed amidst a cultural consensus that involved a myriad of traditional customs and everyday assumptions, and that one they have had certain expectations of treatment, or "rights" in that sense; that is, not the French sense of "universal rights" but things that neighbors assumed of each other, the "rights of Englishmen" that Burke talks about. It is inevitable that the framers assumed such habits as part of an understood "way of life" and did not feel any need to mention them in the Constitution.

It could therefore be argued that the concept of a "way of life" changes, that the cultural context now surrounding the Constitution is very different. In any case, the mechanism remains a "deliberate sense" one, with the people ultimately deciding and the imposition of supposed "rights" by Court edict remaining a distortion of the Constitution.

A subsidiary problem surrounds the concept of "equality" as found in the Declaration. Jefferson's prose here is very compact, and now little understood. It is compact because he was addressing a body of like-minded educated men here and abroad who were well-versed in political philosophy. He meant that some truths were "self-evident" to them, and not to any highwaymen or jackanapes. The phrase "self-evident" indeed contradicts the vulgar reading of the equality clause. What did Jefferson mean by a "right" to life and liberty? He certainly believed in hanging murderers, despite their "right" to life. He would certainly have endorsed conscription in times of national emergency, despite a "right" to liberty. What Jefferson meant, and all of his intended readers would have understood, is that the stated "right" meant that you could not be deprived of life or liberty without due process.

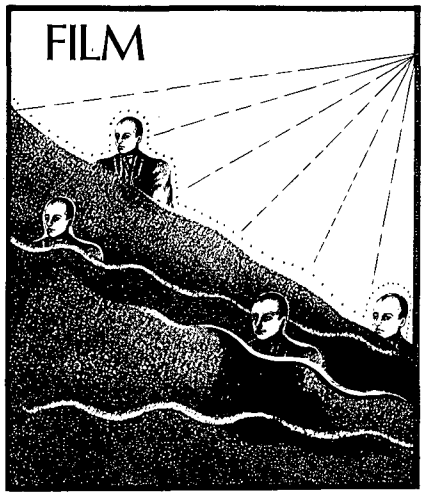
Of course, all of this takes place within the context of a Declaration of *Independence*, which amounts to a national and international lawyer's brief against George III. The English King is here indicted for violating those "self-evident" rights—through impressment, confiscation, taxation. In a long bill of particulars, Jefferson is so un-egalitarian that he refers to the British employment of "savage" Indian warriors against the Americans.

But, if he thinks the Indians are "savage," what then does he mean by "all men are created equal"? Remember that Jefferson is a highly educated 18th-century rhetorician. That means that everything in his "declaration" will be linked to its main thrust. The main thrust is "independence," independence from England. Jefferson is speaking as a prosecutor, and King George III is in the dock.

In this specific context, what "all men are created equal" means is that Americans, under "nature's god," are not naturally inferior to Englishmen. Americans are "equally" entitled to independence from England as Englishmen would be if *they* wished to kiss America goodbye. The phrase also implies that Americans are "equally" as capable of governing themselves as Englishmen are, and, based upon his *Notes on Virginia*, it is clear that Jefferson thought more so. Perhaps above all, it must be remembered that the Declaration is not self-expression on Jefferson's part. He knew that he had to craft a document for which Americans would be willing to risk their lives to sign, one that would be credible not only to American educated opinion but to educated opinion abroad.

There is a kind of cool 18th-century poetry in the language of the final and Tenth Amendment to the Bill of Rights: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." Very high on the conservative agenda should be the restoration of this spirit of limited government. We should, as I would put it, re-acquire these founding documents, most importantly by understanding their language—which derives from an American political tradition that can be discerned in the colonial constitutions of the various nascent states, which can be discerned in the Mayflower Compact, crafted just off the shore, and from thence goes back to 1688 and the classical traditions of republican thought.

Jeffrey Hart is a senior editor at National Review *and a professor of English at Dartmouth College.*



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

A Great Novelty

by David R. Slavitt

My Father's Glory
My Mother's Castle
Produced by Alain Poiré
Directed by Yves Robert
Written by Lucette Andrei
and Yves Robert
Released by Orion Classics

At a certain point, maybe two-thirds of the way through the pretentious nonsense of *Barton Fink*, I began to despair of finding anything interesting enough to write about, even in a bimonthly chronicle. I was wavering between guilt (I was wasting my time) and anger at the sad state of affairs in which there was nothing in theaters worth recommending, or even talking about as an interesting failure. I found myself thinking of Paul Goodman who, for a short while, reviewed movies for, I think, the *Partisan Review*. He wrote about Charlie Chaplin in one issue, then someone like Jean Renoir, and then, abruptly, he quit, on the ground that there wasn't anything else in movies worth paying attention to.

Well, it's extreme, but it began to seem less and less nutty to me, particularly after I caught *Angele* on the Bravo channel one night. This is a 1934 Marcel Pagnol film, rather less well-known than the Fanny trilogy or *The Baker's Wife*, but a splendid piece, nonetheless. It is about an innocent peasant girl in Provence who is seduced by a fast-talking slicker from the

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city, taken away to Marseille, and turned out into a life of prostitution. That's just the set-up, though. The real business of the movie is her rescue by Fernandel, playing an early version of the honorable oaf that was to carry him through a long and illustrious career. He is a former foundling who works as a farmhand on her family's farm, and he fetches her and her illegitimate child back home to a mother who is heartbroken but sympathetic, and a father who, feeling dishonored and disgraced, is driven almost to madness. Angele's reprieve from the root cellar to which her father has consigned her is an unsappy affirmation of the kindness and good sense of the country people of Provence. The conclusion is that Angele marries a young man from a not-too-distant hill town where there are flowers and almond trees. He will marry her and take her and the baby up into the hills with him. Such a subject handled too roughly or clumsily would be disastrous, but Pagnol's broad, simple strokes, and his sure sense of knowing just how far he can go without insulting the integrity of the material or the intelligence of the audience make for a real power that is a close French equivalent to the later work of William Faulkner, particularly in the comic novels, *The Hamlet*, *The Town*, and *The Mansion*.

Those hills of Provence figure again as a site of refuge and renewal in *Harvest*, a Pagnol film of three years later, with Orane Demazis returning to play another dishonored damsel—a rape victim this time—and Fernandel pulling his long faces and toothy grins as the honorable if oafish itinerant knife sharpener. In *Jean de Florette* and *Manon des Sources*, Claude Berri's films that were based on Pagnol novels, there is a magical aura to the hill country where the half-wild girl romps in a savage innocence in which she knows more about the source of life-giving water than any of the villagers do.

The legacy of Pagnol seems to be endlessly rich and continually nourishing. In *My Father's Glory* and *My Mother's Castle*, Yves Robert's screen version of Pagnol's *Memories of Childhood*, we see the hills as the major characters they became for young Marcel. Robert was a friend and associate of Pagnol's and staged several of the late master's plays in Paris. This adaptation—the singular is appropriate, because there is really the one film in two pieces with two titles—is a kind of homage not just to Pagnol but to the pastoral world that spoke so eloquently to him and through him.

Pagnol was born in Aubagne on February 28, 1895. His father, Joseph, was a village schoolteacher who, in 1898, was promoted and transferred to Marseille. From 1900 onward, the Pagnols—Joseph, his wife Augustine, and their children, Marcel and Paul—went off to a country place, some four miles beyond the end of the trolley line. In memory and, more likely than not, in actual fact, this was unspoiled country back then. There was no electricity, no running water (except from a cistern on the roof), no indoor plumbing. The life out there, so different from that in the city, became a childhood Eden that was to inspire the elegiac pastorals that were to come from Pagnol's pen and camera during much of this century (Pagnol died in 1974). To that rugged and austere countryside and to the people this strange terrain nourished and formed, Pagnol brought a quality of quiet free-floating attention that he must have learned as a young boy out gathering mushrooms or wild grapes, or tending Lili des Bellons' traps. There is a steadiness of gaze and a deliberation that city people have neither the occasion to use nor the opportunity to acquire. These were qualities of Pagnol's work, and they are what both Berri and Robert have, in their different ways, tried to emulate. Robert's work seems at first somewhat less theatrical, but over the course of nearly four hours of exposition, development, and resolution, one sees that there is simply a change in focus. Small gestures become the fulcrums of very large pieces of machinery. There is, in *My Father's Glory*, a romance between Aunt Rose and a portly gentleman she meets in the Park Borély in Marseille, which is observed by the five-year-old Marcel and in which he plays a small part—as Aunt Rose's pretext for her frequent excursions to the park. The progress of the romance is not the five-year-old's paramount concern; he is more interested in flinging bread (or sometimes stones) at the ducks. But there is an occasion when the grown-ups meet even in the rain, and something extraordinary seems to have happened because they are waltzing, the two of them, alone on the grass, to the lush music on the soundtrack (by Vladimir Cosma). The child is aware of this extraordinary business, and we see him, to the left, just within the frame of the screen, playing on a small carousel. A gorgeous moment, it allows for (but does not require) Seurat, and Auden's "Musée des Beaux Arts," and the Breughel painting Auden is talking about.

In another of my unsuccessful forays, I'd tried Terry Gilliam's *The Fisher King* with Jeff Bridges and Robin Williams as a semi-crazed street-person, and while it is mostly saccharine piffle, there is one extraordinary moment in which Williams is following Amanda Plummer through a crowd of commuters in Grand Central Station, and as a way of demonstrating his happiness and craziness, Gilliam introduces a waltz onto the soundtrack and has all the commuters dance with one another. It is a remarkable couple of minutes but it violates the texture of the movie, or, worse, it demonstrates that the movie doesn't really have a texture. The similar but smaller gesture in *My Father's Glory* works better, persuades us more thoroughly, and doesn't violate anything.

The title is playful and refers, at least initially, to Joseph Pagnol's success in a competitive hunt with Jules, the portly gentleman of the Park Borély who is now married to Tante Rose and is Marcel's Oncle Jules. With a little luck and with Marcel's help—he flushes the birds—Joseph manages to bring down two *bartavelles*, which are large

LIBERAL ARTS

KEN'S NEXT

Now there's a doll to introduce little girls to a more realistic world of fashion. Since few women possess the 35-18-33 measurements possessed by glamorous dolls, Cathy Meredig, founder of Self-Esteem Toys in Minneapolis, has refashioned the image of Barbie into a more realistic mold. What she has designed is a full-figured doll based on the more common measurements of 36-27-38, complemented by a shorter neck and larger feet.

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red or royal partridges. The brace of game birds that Marcel retrieves is his father's glory, except that the real glory is the father's promotion from know-all demigod (he is a teacher, after all, at the school young Marcel attends and combines both parental and scholarly authority) to fallible and yet lovable human being. These are issues of as much subtlety as substance, and without the steadiness of vision both of Pagnol and of Robert, the epiphany to which the movie tends and on which it depends could have been vulgarized and ruined. Instead, it is deeply satisfying and moving.

My Mother's Castle is also a playful title, having to do with one of the châteaux through the properties of which the family used to take an illegal shortcut that reduced by several miles their walk each Friday from the end of the Marseille trolly line to La Bastide and their country cottage. There are a number of different arrangements Joseph Pagnol has made in order to avail himself and his family of this shortcut —deals with a canal worker, with one of the owners, some of the caretakers, but, most important, with his own scruples. He also relies a bit on stealth and luck that eventually fails. A warden not only confronts the family but bullies, threatens, and, most important, humiliates them all, particularly Augustine, Marcel's *maman*. (Nathalie Roussel plays Augustine and has a whole-wheat beauty not unlike that of Dorothy McGuire.) The family's extrication from the chagrin and the threat of that mean and officious warden is a characteristically Pagnolesque moment, a reversal, a blessed relenting not so much on the part of the warden as of the benevolent place itself, a gift, as it were, of those hills and their state of grace.

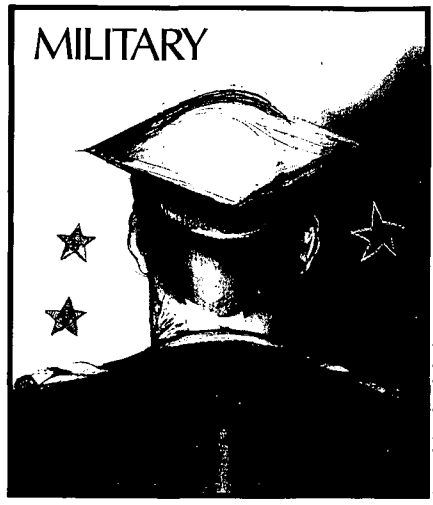
The angle of vision is that of the mature and sophisticated adult looking back on a lost golden moment. One can recall the figures of Pagnol's mental repertory company, the benevolent oaf that Fernandel used to play (here, it's the canal worker who is even given a Fernandel-like "Ah, ya-ya," at one point) or the benevolent scamp (the poacher here but clearly the precursor of Amédé in *Angele*). Or we can skip directly to our own experience, think of the "good old days," and join Pagnol in his exquisite combination of thanksgiving and mourning with which the film so gracefully ends. It is true, as Raymond Williams has pointed out in *The Country and the City*, that the recollection of a time about a generation and a half ago as a golden age is a constant in English poetry that goes back several hundred years, but our time has experienced more dramatic and violent changes than any our ancestors had to experience. The automobile has transformed geography, probably irreversibly.

When the railroad tracks come through in a Western to join the town to the rest of the country, we know that the good times are gone and that the frontier has closed down. Our sense of loss is only sharpened by the glimpses the cinematographer has contrived for us of that world that has all but disappeared. Robert's miracle here is in creating a limitless panorama of stern beauty that spoke to Pagnol and cannot fail to speak to us. There is a spectacular thunderstorm. There are splendid vistas—Marcel and Paul argue every morning about whose turn it is to throw open the shutters to the daily miracle of the view. There is, most of all, a feeling of wholeness and security—a continuity of family, society, and nature that is happiness, which is a gift better than wisdom, because wisdom is only what some of us earn in compensation for the inevitable loss, by change or by death, of precious moments of happiness.

Pagnol wrote, "In these memories of childhood, I will not speak of myself either badly or well: it is not me whom I speak of, but a child who I no longer am. It is a little person whom I knew and who found himself in the open air, in the manner of the sparrows who disappear without leaving a skeleton. Moreover, he is not the subject of this book, but the witness of very small events. It is merely a testimony of a bygone age and a little song of filial piety which in our day, perhaps, may pass for a great novelty."

It is up to us to realize that the events are not, after all, so small. And that this film by Yves Robert is one of the grand achievements of movies, right up there with those of the master, himself.

David R. Slavitt is a poet and novelist who lives in Philadelphia.



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Confessions of an Ex-Marine

by Clinton W. Trowbridge

Creative, Close-Order Drill

"Left!——! Left!——! Left! Right! Left!" The drill instructor inside of me had successfully surfaced and was now exulting in command. We were approaching the corner of the parade field, and I was getting ready for "To the left!——! March!" when it suddenly occurred to me that it might be amusing to preface that with one "To the rear!——! March!" followed almost immediately by another—a sort of platoon pirouette, a bit of Marine Corps skip step, so precisely executed that surprise would be transformed into wonder. It was the perfect opportunity to impress Lieutenant Bingham and the rest of the brass. The question was not would my troops respond—they were Marines!—but would Dennis Riley, in charge of the platoon to my rear, understand and, more importantly, react in time to avoid terminal collision. His pirouette would force the platoon behind him to do the same. The domino principle would apply, and the total effect would be a maneuver that would go down in the history books.

Two columns had already hit the barracks wall, some thirty yards off the edge of the field. "To the rear!——! March!" I shouted, but by then the platoon was sprawled up against the

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concrete like so many spray-dazed ants. They made no response, seemed oblivious to me, if not to what I had done. I commanded them a second time, with no better luck. All I could do was stand there and try to think up something to say to Lieutenant Bingham that might make some difference.

So far, my experience with the Marines had not been a happy one. I had succeeded in alienating myself from my fellow officers-in-the-making on the very third night by reading aloud to them, unrequested, from my second-story bunk, a passage from the works of Alfred North Whitehead, and I even refused to stop when asked. If my platoon mates had not been prospective college juniors themselves, and so eventually prepared to understand that such behavior was merely a typically sophomoric sign of utter misery, I might have been consigned to purdah for the whole six weeks. As it was, they saw through my pose quickly enough; and, lacking an audience, I retired, in as dignified a manner as possible, to the can—to write self-pitying letters to my girl friend, who was spending her summer not in stifling Quantico, Virginia, but at the Jersey shore, playing in the waves.

The Marine Corps had not exactly lived up to my expectations. I had thought that there might be interesting tactical lectures, group discussions on how best to do so and so, so as to accomplish such and such. I imagined that I would become a sharpshooter *extraordinaire*, learn how to put a real polish on a pair of cordovans, and grow adept at such skills as map-reading and survival camping. I expected to return to college in the fall lean and tough, full of fond memories of trials shared and obstacles overcome. I had hoped that my sergeant would be a Spencer Tracy sort, that he would enthrall us with thrilling World War II stories and guide us into the ways of wisdom.

I had not counted on the heat. I had not realized how little sleep we would get—and how poorly I would function on it. Even with the fans on, my back would stick to the sheet at night. All day, every day, I was groggy to the point where even the naps I took while waiting in line or listening to the sergeant drone on about such fascinating topics as the assembly and disassembly of the M-1 rifle left me unrefreshed. Very soon, indeed, all I wanted was out.

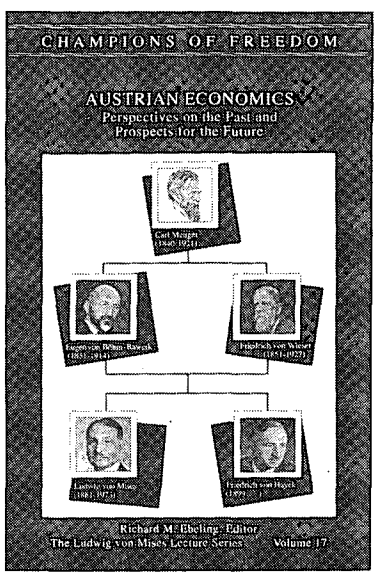
Then there was the night—three weeks had somehow gone by—when, just before lights out, we were told to prepare for special maneuvers. The whole battalion was involved. We were to march three miles—through the mud, as it turned out, for it was raining—take up defensive positions on Hill X, and prepare to be attacked by 3rd Battalion. Understood? "Forward! ——! March!" As battalion messenger, it was my task to notify headquarters as soon as the enemy started to move. I was posted well ahead of our front lines—where I would be in a good position to see and hear—and told to run, not walk, the news back to the high command as soon as I had it. In the rain and the dark I could see and hear nothing. I was alone: the forward observer, unobserved. I spread my poncho out under a tree, folded half of it over me, and went to sleep. The first I knew of the attack was when an enemy boot in the small of my back brought it to my attention. Needless to say, the battle was not a long one; and the messenger, for his part in the defeat, was rewarded with a weekend's worth of close-order drill.

Lieutenant Bingham was a history professor in civilian life. He wore dark glasses, carried a swagger stick, was a little too portly for his uniform, and so far he had relied almost entirely on Sergeant Buklas, a long-term regular, for virtually everything. When Lieutenant Bingham showed himself to us, which was rarely, it was usually at a distance—at the end of the barracks, near the door, on the lecture platform—not, like Sergeant Buklas, up very close, his face practically touching yours as he stripped your bunk, or knocked your head-propping elbow off its desk. Had Sergeant Buklas been striding toward me on that parade field, I might simply have collapsed.

Lieutenant Bingham did not so much as glance in my direction. His eyes were fixed on my platoon, still plastered up against the wall. As he approached them, they began to snap to. "Forward!" he commanded them, and they began to snap to. "March!" They turned, taking their place with the others. I was alone. I stood there in the broiling sun waiting for doom to fall, but it never did. Platoon after platoon passed by me, but no one recognized my existence, and no one stopped. It was worse than being screamed at. Lieutenant Bingham had not only taken over my job. He had left me to stand there by myself and watch him do it.

There were repercussions, of course, but later he counseled me, quite kindly, about my not having, perhaps, quite the right temperament for a Marine. I had to agree; but I wanted to explain, and never did, that I had marched my platoon into the wall not out of ineptitude, as he had supposed, nor on purpose, as Sergeant Buklas would have it, but—very simply—out of an excessive expansiveness of spirit. Had a specialization been offered called "creative, close-order drill," I wanted to tell him, I might have made quite a good Marine.

Clinton W. Trowbridge writes from Sedgwick, Maine.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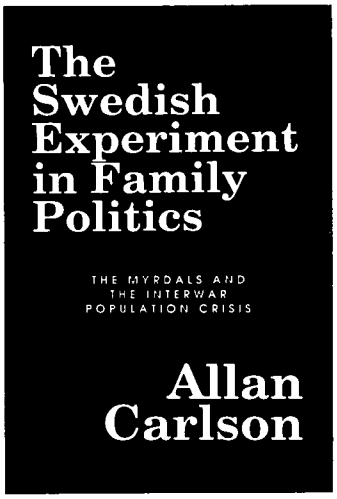

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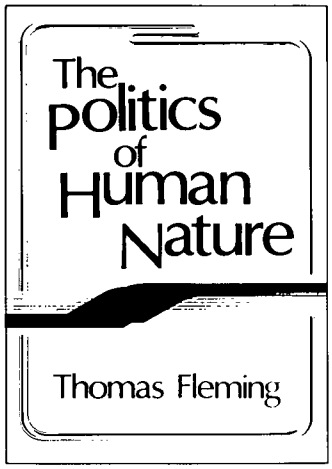

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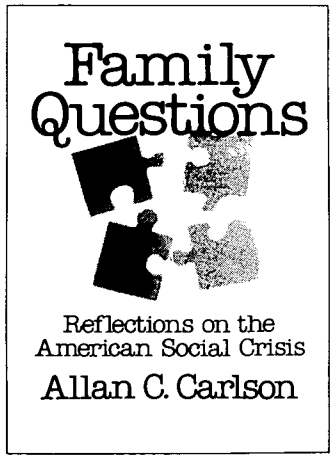

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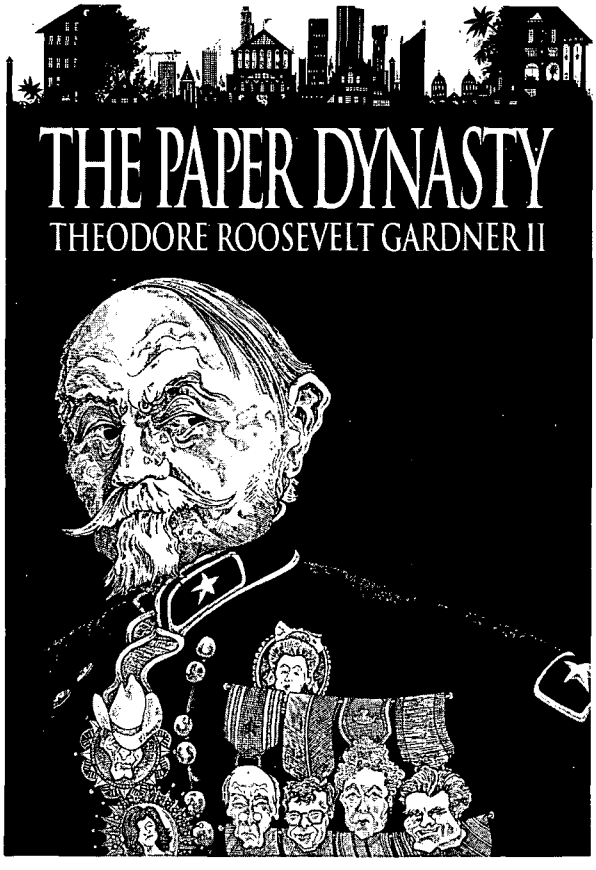

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